

The Listener

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Thinking about Christmas

The Western Alliance and Russia

By Dean Acheson

Italy's Industrial Revolution

By Stanley Mayes

Intelligence and Fertility

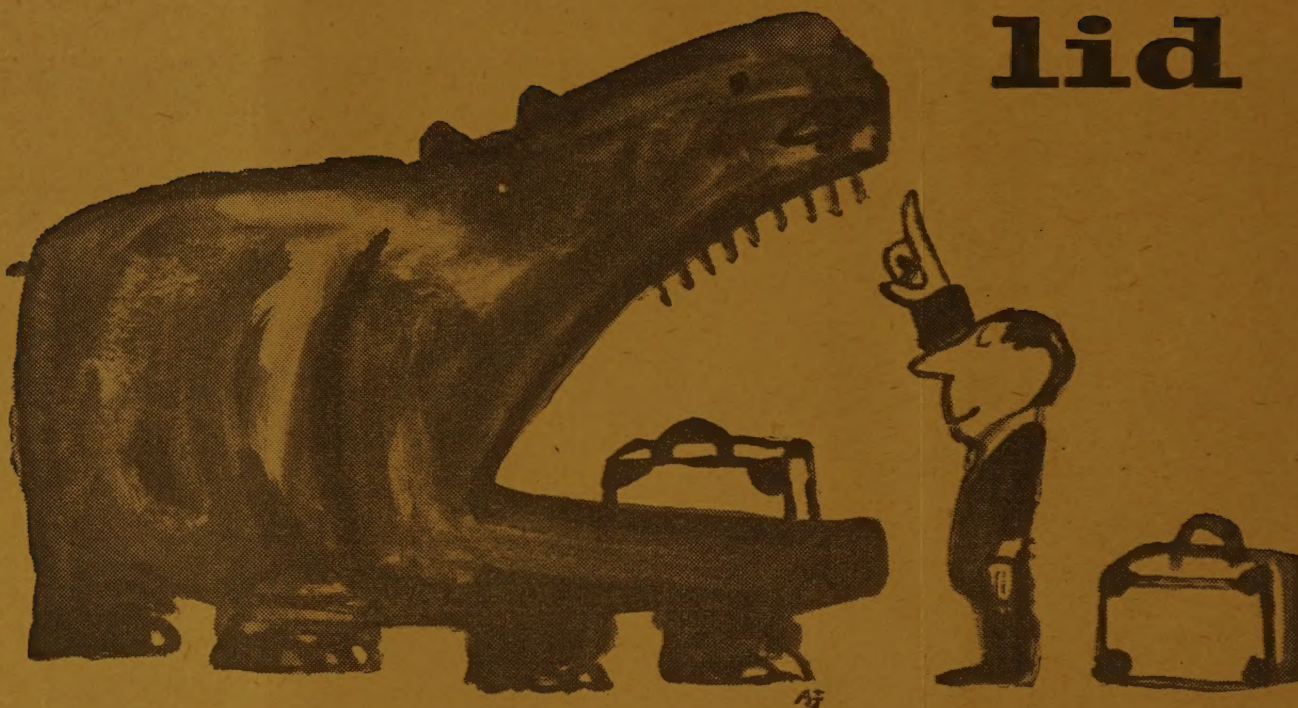
By P. B. Medawar, F.R.S.
(the fifth Reith Lecture)

Architecture in Poland

By Noel Moffett

You lift

lid



Bonnet lid, or boot? Boot!

*Inside see spanner, jack. Old newspaper, gardening glove lurking.
Dead match, dead mouse, dead resolution. Alas.*

Nobody looking . . . lift lid again.

Click, whoosh. Why so light? Why so smooth firm easy?

Counterpoised. Contra-balanced. Cantilevered. Spring assisted.

When up, up. When down, down.

When only half-way up, neither one nor tother.

Wilmot Breeden research. Clever.

Boots, boots, boots, boots, movin' up an' down again.

Be serious. When up, up. Kick, shout, bang with clenched fist . . . Stays up.

Cardinal virtue. When downing simple routine.

Lift and lower (telescopic support).

Or press and lower (spring-loaded hingery).

All types. All Wilmot Breeden. Click!

Some day, clear out boot. Must. Burn paper. Bury mouse.

Meanwhile thank Wilmot Breeden smooth, light, easy, not chop fingers.

Boot-supports. Boot locks, too. Bumpers. Door locks, mechanisms.

Window winders. Wilmot Breeden. Radiator grill, maybe? May well be.

Good.

Virtually every British car roads today some Wilmot Breeden components.

Oh, good. (Mem: bury mouse.)

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The Western Alliance and Russia

By DEAN ACHESON

The following speech was delivered by the former United States Secretary of State to a recent Nato Parliamentary Conference in Washington. A recording of the speech has now been broadcast in the Third Programme

I WISH to talk with you about a matter that seems to me to be of great seriousness and which lies at the very heart of the organization of Nato and a matter for which all of us are responsible. And I would like to start out, if I may, by imagining with you what the future historian will have to say about the period in which we live as he looks at the decade of the nineteen-fifties as they came to a close.

First of all, I think he would say the decade of the nineteen-fifties was a turning point in history. He would look back over the prior half-century, and he would see this as the prologue of violence, of revolution, of change, a prologue which destroyed the world order of the nineteenth century, destroyed it along with the great empires which had made it and which maintained it. He would look further into the nineteenth century, and would see what an extraordinary period of stability that was. And then he would also see something significant—the steady march eastward in Europe of the centre of power.

He would have seen France at the beginning of the nineteenth century dominating Europe, for a time conquering most of it, and at the very end requiring the combination of all of Europe to equal the power of France. A hundred years later he would have seen that centre of power move eastward into Germany.

Fifty years later he would have seen it move still further eastward into the Soviet Union.

He would have noticed, too, I think, that twice in the fifty years of this century the United States had to throw in all of its weight in order to prevent the dominant power in Europe from establishing its hegemony over all of Europe and over the high seas as well. And he would have seen, too, that hardly had the second world war ended when the United States was called upon for a third time to throw in a great deal of its weight to try to establish with Western Europe an equilibrium of power, a new stability in the world which would prevent the hegemony of the Soviet Union. And he would have noticed that this was done or begun or attempted by one or by a series of most unusual acts. There was the preservation of freedom, of independence, in the eastern Mediterranean through aid to Greece and Turkey. There was the Marshall Plan, which revived Western Europe. There was the resurrection of Germany out of the collapse and chaos of the war. Finally, there was the beginning of a construction of a defence of Europe under the North Atlantic Treaty. He would have thought, I believe, that these were far-reaching and extraordinary acts to take place in so short a time as from 1945 to the middle of this decade.

He would have seen something else. He would have seen not the emergence but the great development of the power really begin to flower. He would have seen the vast military power of the Soviet Union. He would have seen also the beginnings of new power in China, and I believe that that historian would say

as he looked at the year 1959 that events were hurrying to a decision, that the moment was coming which would be decisive. But that decision would be at this point not clear to him, although he would have known from the time at which he wrote what it was. The decision would be whether there was to be a new equilibrium of power in the world upon which some stability could be built, upon which we could live with hope through the period in which we all together got hold of the great dangers of the nuclear age and brought them under control.

This was one way that the decision could go. The other would be that the equilibrium of power would not be created and that the decade which was about to open would be the decade of the beginning of Soviet power, and perhaps it would mean that the historian whom I am imagining would be a Soviet citizen, because he would see that the situation in a nutshell was this: There was in Western Europe and in North America the productive capacity and the manpower three times that of the Soviet Union to create a counterbalancing power to that of Russia. There was the power with which that could be done. It would be clear that Europe was unable to do this by itself. It would be clear that the United States by itself could not create a spacious enough area for freedom. He would see that the coalition of Western Europe and North America was a necessity to both, and he would say there is the capacity to do this, there is the possibility to do this, but at this turning point was there the will? Judging from the policies which are in operation at the present time, he would believe, I conclude, that that will does not exist. He might say perhaps it is not altogether lack of will. Perhaps it is because the necessary measures are not understood. This I think unlikely because the necessary measures are so clear that anyone must understand them. It isn't possible really not to understand them.

A Nuclear Parallel

These measures are, first of all, to re-create and maintain a nuclear parallel, by which we mean a nuclear power of such dimensions that regardless of who is to strike the first blow the nation having that power could respond with unacceptable injury to the aggressor. That would be regarded as the first necessity, and that would be necessary until by agreement, by the operation of international machinery, we were able to bring this vast weapon under control. But until that is done this is an absolute necessity. And he would see that this is not being done.

Then he would see, too, that there must be a defence force in Europe, a defence force in which all the allies participate, all of them together; and he would see that this defence force is for the purpose of letting anyone else see that in order to impose an alien will or purpose, in order to threaten, in order to be the dominant power in Europe, it must be prepared itself to raise violence to such a level that it will have to consider a nuclear strike, which by hypothesis it would not want to do. This force gives reality to the nuclear deterrent, and without this force the nuclear deterrent is not a deterrent at all. The historian, I think, would see that this also has been neglected, and I think he would conclude that this double neglect had resulted in a shift of power in favour of the Soviet Union and against the North American and Western European coalition, the great alliance which is attempting to create stability in the world and to give a foundation for an area of free life.

There are two ways in which this change in power, this shift in power, may be met. One way is to remove the cause. The other way is to say that it is without significance, and the only way in which one can say that it is without significance is to believe that one could be complacent about a very considerable increase in Soviet capacity, because a reappraisal of Soviet intentions would lead one to believe that these intentions were benign, or if not altogether benign at least not so dangerous as to require precaution against the capacity to carry them out. Apparently some such conclusion as this is prevalent in most of our countries. And it is this, I think, which leads to such a demand at the present time to go forward with what is called a negotiated settlement.

Negotiation is a matter that has gone on as long as diplomacy has gone on. To negotiate is a perfectly well-understood process.

What it means is to confer with the idea of coming to terms. This is a good thing. It has happened all the time. The essential thing is what you confer about—not whether you should confer but what you confer about. This is essential. There has, however, become a sort of belief that negotiation is an abstract virtue. One of its high priests wrote the other day the following sentence which I think is typical of the view which I am now discussing. He says: 'We do not have to be stupid or soft in negotiation, but I would like to see us identify ourselves with the future and to stand again as we have done in our better days with those who have the courage to hope and to believe'.

Sacramental View of Negotiation

This is the sacramental view of negotiation. This is the view that in itself it is a virtue that identifies you with the future and with those who hope and believe, obviously contrasted with those who believe in the past and have no hope and are in a constant state of fear. This, I believe, does not commend itself as a sensible attitude. The sensible attitude is that we are perfectly willing—everybody always has been, all of those of us in public life, who have been in public life, have spent days and hours and weeks and months conferring and conferring with the Russians—we are always willing to confer where the object of the conference may produce mutually beneficial results. But it is so easy to confuse or to use this word 'negotiation' as a cover for a surrender that one must be very careful about it. If to negotiate means to put the façade of consent upon a defeat, then I think it is not something that should recommend itself to us. If there is to be a defeat, which I think is wholly unnecessary if we take the proper measures, let it be an honest defeat and a clear defeat, that all of us can understand and can learn from. Do not let us smooth it over with this slimy subservience of consent.

Let us consider what it is we are asked to confer about. We will note in the first place that it is Mr. Khrushchev who is drawing the issue. This in itself is a very considerable diplomatic victory. The man who can frame the issue has gone a long way toward a successful conclusion of it. This issue, I want you to note very carefully, goes to the heart of Nato and to the heart of the possibility of creating a counter-power to Russian power. What this issue is, as stated by Mr. Khrushchev, is that the Potsdam Agreement is void and illegal, that the presence of Allied troops in Berlin is illegal and detrimental, that they should be immediately withdrawn. The city should be a free city under international guarantees, and that all of this should be done against what Mr. Khrushchev calls the background of a demilitarized Germany from which all foreign troops should withdraw, East and West, and which should withdraw itself from Nato and East Germany from the Warsaw Pact.

Berlin as a Symbol

Thus Berlin stands out as both the symbol and the prelude of the collapse which Mr. Khrushchev hopes to bring about. Over and over and over again he has stated that the object in his policy is the withdrawal of foreign troops from overseas bases. And I think that we must respect Mr. Khrushchev. There is no fooling around with minor issues. He is striking right at the heart of the West.

Let us think about negotiating these issues, negotiation in the sense of conferring with the idea of coming to terms. What terms suggest themselves as coming out of a conference about Berlin? Do we want Berlin guaranteed by the United Nations? The United Nations is in this sense only all of us and a few other states. The strength of the United Nations as a guarantee to Berlin is here. It is not increased by any additions to it. Is it going to be increased by Mr. Khrushchev's guarantee? I do not think that any of us would believe that that was a satisfactory term. It has been suggested that perhaps British, French, and American troops in Berlin be replaced with Nato forces. What, in fact, does that mean? It means that the troops of the strongest members of the Western team should be replaced by some of the weakest neutrals.

Not long ago one of the most respected and one of the most

intelligent Americans discussed this matter here in our city of Washington. And speaking about Berlin he said this:

For a big city to live in this way, divided within itself, three-quarters of it wholly cut off from its environs, its security resting at least in part on the presence of foreign garrisons, is surely a highly abnormal situation—not in the interests of the population itself, not in the interests of world peace. . . . The Western Powers themselves have no interest in seeing such a situation perpetuated. Nothing could be more absurd than the assertion that this is a satisfactory situation which could be expected to endure or which we should wish to see endure indefinitely.

What conditions more beneficial to the people of Berlin can he think of than the ones that now exist? What conditions more in the interest of the West can he think of than now exist? What conditions more worthy of preservation can he think of than those that now exist?

What he would say, I am sure, is: 'Surely I can think of some, and the ones I think of are to purchase the unification of Germany by the withdrawal of American troops'. He would say 'from Germany'. But 'from Germany' means from Europe. All of you are surely aware that there is no other strategic position for these troops west of the Rhine. Surely it must be clear that France, which has taken the attitude which it has even towards Nato, would not be willing to receive within her territory these troops. Surely it must be clear that the expense of re-creating all the installations which are now in Germany and transferring all of those to France would have a cost so colossal both to the United States and to France as to be impossible. So what it means is that they should be withdrawn to the United States.

But this does not bother many people who favour this proposal. They say: 'Well, this is disengagement, we're drawing back'. Let us look at it, really, from the point of view of what it means. It means, in the first place, that the whole attempt to create a counter-force to the Soviet force is ended. We cannot create such a counter-force with ground forces in Europe and in the United States separated by the Atlantic Ocean.

It would mean that the only possibility of a defence of Europe would be a nuclear one. And is that really sensible? Suppose our European allies all said to us: 'We think the presence of your troops is no longer necessary. We think perhaps it is detrimental to coming to a solution with the Russians'. We, of course—our Government—would say: 'Certainly, if you don't want these troops there, they come home'. And then suppose our allies discovered that they had been mistaken about this and that they were confronted by Russian demands of a severity and presented with that earthy vigour of which Mr. Khrushchev is capable, and suppose then they came to us and said: 'Can't you help us?' What could we say? I think we'd have to say: 'The only way we can possibly think of to be of help to you is to suggest that we threaten a nuclear attack on the Soviet Union. Do you want us to do that?' And I think they would say: 'No, I don't think we want you to do that'.

And I think we would say: 'Well, it now occurs to us that to threaten that kind of an attack on the Soviet Union means that we will get the first blow on us, and that doesn't seem to us to be exactly strategically sound'.

Therefore, would we not find that what we had done by all of this was to take all possibility of meaning out of those central words in Article 5 of the North Atlantic Treaty, which, broadly speaking, say that an attack upon any one of the members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization shall be regarded as an attack on all of them?

Why were the American troops put in Europe? They were put there because our European allies thought that that section of the treaty had no meaning unless there were American troops and a defence force in Europe. And in this they were right. It was a purely metaphorical statement. An attack on one of the allies was not an attack on all of them unless they were bound together in a defence force. And I think probably if the situation came to pass that I just described—I should think on both sides of the Atlantic all the nations would want to reconsider those words. Would they really want commitments like this with no way of carrying them out except by universal and nuclear war?

This treaty would have a wholly different significance and meaning, and I believe in Europe the threat would be regarded as not credible. The Russians would not believe it. And I think here it would be thought that whatever degree of credibility it had would vastly increase the danger to the United States.

What I am trying to do is to draw attention to the nature of the conference to which Mr. Khrushchev has invited us. In other words, he is inviting us to confer with an idea of coming to terms about our own existence.

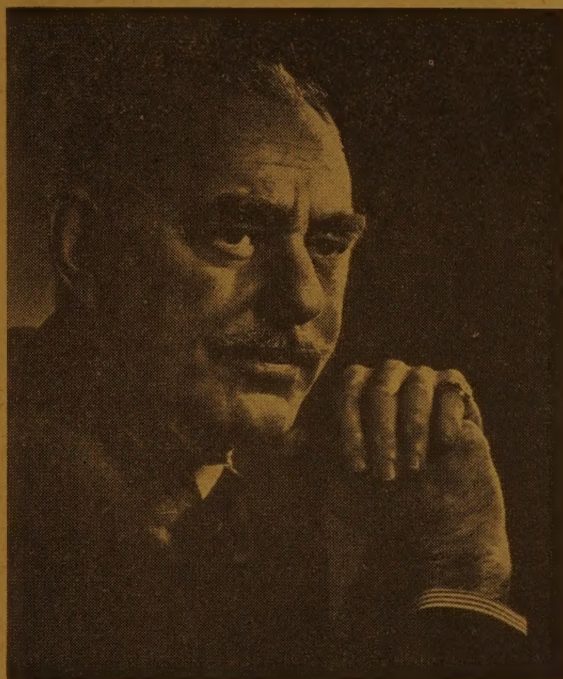
He proposes in gentle terms to end our possibility of independent life. And he says, 'Surely we can talk about this. This is a matter on which a compromise is possible. I don't have to cut all your throats; I only need to cut a half of your throat'. This is the kind of thing into which we are being led by the incredible view that any sort of negotiation is good *per se*.

I shall end by making three suggestions. Certainly the first decade of Nato's existence was one of very considerable progress, although this miserable question of whether there should be a defence force of all the allies has been right across the path all the way, first debated in the United States in 1950-51, the 'troops for Europe' debate, then the long debate about German participation. And as

soon as both of those are ended, back we go again to the debate about whether we should disengage everything that has taken us ten years to engage. Therefore, I think at the threshold of its second decade Nato should decide, and decide for a decade, that it does want to create a defence force in Europe, a solid defence force, one in accordance with the recommendations of Shape, and it will make the effort and the sacrifice to do it, and that all the decisions which are inconsistent with that decision must be put aside. Do not dig this tree up every year and look at its roots. Do not try to make everything consistent at the same time. Make the basic decision and let the subsidiary decisions find their own way.

My second suggestion would be that Nato should look at Eastern Europe and that Nato should come clearly to the conclusion that it looks forward to the time and its policy is to look forward to the time when government throughout Europe will have a decent basis in national acceptance. I am not talking about liberation: I am not talking about applying force to overthrowing régimes in Eastern Europe. But I am saying we must deny and publicly deny and make it clear that we have denied what Mr. Khrushchev is wanting us to do, which is to accept the division of Europe and believe that the future is going to be based upon the acceptance of that division.

The third decision which I would hope Nato would make is that there is room for negotiation, that there is not only room for negotiation but there is a great need for negotiation and that this lies in the field of control of armaments and that it is to be approached practicably and sensibly. Not these fanciful ideas of universal disarmament in four years. This is not only impossible;



Mr. Dean Acheson: a portrait by Karsh of Ottawa

it is undesirable. You would create greater instability by that than you would relieve yourself of.

But what is necessary is that the two Great Powers should, with all their friends, agree upon a system by which they shorten their reach. This means that the whole strategic nuclear power is brought under strict international control and limitation. It means that the conventional forces, whether or not nuclearly armed, should be so reduced in the Soviet Union that it does not become an adventurous menace. Its reach is shortened as our reach would be shortened. The whole purpose of this would be to permit and allow and create military establishments which are ample for defence, in fact are almost impregnable to attack but have not the capacity to be aggressive.

This is the sensible way to approach this matter. The Russians do not want to talk about this immediately, because they are hoping that the whole matter will be theirs by default. But it would seem to me that Mr. Khrushchev, who is not a foolish man at all, if he really thought about this situation carefully would

see that there was still time, not much time but still enough time, within which agreement between the Soviet Union and its friends and the United States and its allies upon some such scheme as I have talked about and, indeed, which we have all discussed for years past, would change the whole course of the world.

The time is that time within which nuclear weapons become common. Once this happens, I believe the matter has got out of hand. Once everybody can make some sort of a nuclear weapon the future of mankind looks very dim indeed to me.

But there is still hope when all of the powers together can say that after this, that, or the other thing has happened, a control is going to be imposed—a rigid control and a workable control so that this dreadful capacity to reach across continents and across oceans in a matter of fifteen minutes to destroy vast areas shall cease, so that the great weight of colossal land armies cannot roll across Europe or Asia, crushing out all life before it. This is possible. It is here that the hope of negotiation rests, not in the attempt to divide Western Europe and North America.

Italy's Industrial Revolution

By STANLEY MAYES

IF you lived in one of the devastated cities of northern Italy at the end of the war, one of your chief problems, whether you were rich or poor, was transport. With few buses, trams, or private cars left on the roads, how were you to get to work each day, or look for work, or go rushing after every rumour about a little place where you could barter an old coat for a kilo of doubtful meat? In that post-war struggle for survival the race was, literally, to the swift. It was then that two Italian armament manufacturers—Piaggio in Florence, Innocenti in Milan—hit on the same idea independently but almost simultaneously. Both had bombed-out factories, idle workers and no market for what they had previously produced. There was a desperate need for some new kind of transport—something cheap, small, light, easy to handle, that would run for miles on a gallon of precious black-market petrol. The Italian answer was: the motor scooter.

The first motor scooter made in Italy ran off the Piaggio assembly line in March 1947; the first from the Innocenti works six months later. In six years the two companies were together producing about 1,000 machines a day. Of these nearly 30 per cent. already went for export; the rest were bought predominantly by Italian workers. What the manufacturers at first jokingly called 'the child of war, the grandchild of necessity' became, as it were, the fairy godchild of Italian industry—a brilliant, splendid symbol of success.

There is, in fact, something almost miraculous about the recovery and development of Italian industry in the last twelve years. A survey published by the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Ad-

ministration in 1947 said that Italy was 'bankrupt'. That she has been able to emerge as a new and challenging industrial nation in so short a time is due primarily to two factors: American aid and the resilience and vitality of the Italian people. But this has been more than an economic and industrial *risorgimento*. Before the war Italian industry was trained to grow in the way that suited Mussolini's fascist and imperialist ambitions. In these twelve years it has put down new and strong democratic roots.

Motor scooters are only the most spectacular development in Italy's post-war industry. An Italian car won most of the honours

at the international Geneva motor show this year. A year ago Nato adopted the new Fiat G91 as its lightweight tactical fighter, and orders have been placed by several Western governments. The Italians have just built their twelfth oil tanker for the Esso company. Three big new liners are contemplated for the merchant marine. Two of them will be the largest built in Italy since the war. Each will have a displacement of 35,000 tons and they will be used on the North Atlantic passenger route.

The Italian railway system, badly shattered fourteen years ago, was restored in a remarkably short time. Now there is a five-year modernization plan in progress, which will involve a total expenditure of £155,000,000. But what is most significant about Italian railway development is the way in which the country has made up for its deficiencies in conventional fuels by exploiting other sources of energy. Most of the electricity required by the Italian State Railways comes from the natural steam of geysers situated about 120 miles north of Rome. Italy has led the way in this use of geo-



Italian motor-scooters parading in San Remo before an international race

thermic power and her experience is now sought by countries such as Chile, Mexico, Indonesia, and New Zealand, which have natural geysers.

Abroad, Italian engineering projects have become increasingly familiar since the end of the war. The main contract for the great Kariba dam now being built on the Zambesi was secured by an Italian group of companies. Other big hydro-electric schemes are being carried out by Italians in Portugal and Ethiopia.

These are considerable achievements for a country relatively poor in natural resources and considered 'bankrupt' only twelve years ago. Yet it is not the dams, bridges, industrial plant, and pipelines which Italy is building abroad that have made her prosperous

so much as the small cars, motor scooters, typewriters, adding machines, and sewing machines which come in an ever-increasing flow from her factories. Even the American recession caused only a temporary set-back. The industrial production index for June this year showed an increase of nearly 9 per cent. over June last year. And the output of Italian industry as a whole has risen by more than a half since 1953.

Yet in spite of these boom conditions Italy is still faced by a serious problem of unemployment. In 1955 a ten-year development plan was drawn up by the late Signor Vanoni, then Minister for the Budget. It aimed at creating 4,000,000 new jobs by 1964 so as to absorb the existing 1,800,000 unemployed as well as the additional labour force expected through the natural increase of population. To achieve this, it was calculated that there would have to be an annual increase of 5 per cent. in the national income. In fact, in the first four years of the plan the increase in income has been larger than was expected. But the creation of new jobs has fallen short of the target by between 10 and 15 per cent. This is partly because technical improvements and automation have cut the number of workers needed faster than was anticipated, and partly because more money has gone on higher wages and less on new investment. Also—to tell the truth—Italian governments over the past four years have not followed the guidance of the Vanoni plan, which called for a certain austerity. Visitors to Italy have been greatly impressed by the amount of building going on, especially of houses and flats. Understandably, the industrial workers have wanted to see their greater earnings translated into higher standards of living. But now the Government of Signor Segni has found it necessary to make a reappraisal of the Vanoni plan.

The age-old disparity between the rich industrial north and the depressed agricultural south has only been accentuated by the resurgence of Italian industry since the war. Nine years ago the Italian Government set up a 'Southern Fund' (*Cassa per il Mezzogiorno*), which has concentrated on public works—irrigation, land reclamation, roads, aqueducts, railways, and so on—but at the same time has tried to stimulate private enterprise and capital investment in the south. Vast sums have been spent by the state in preparing southern Italy for industrialization, but so far the response of industry has been poor. The Government's measures to attract industry to the south have been largely neutralized by the high cost and the scarcity of electric power. The truth is that only when the south has become industrialized will it become economic to plant industry there. So the attempt has to be made in uneconomic conditions at first, or not at all.

In the past few months, however, there have been good omens for the future. For a long time the Italian Government wanted



In a factory at Pozzuoli, near Naples, where typewriters and calculating machines are made

to set up a big new steel plant at Taranto, under the heel of Italy, but there was considerable opposition from the steel industry. Last June the Government decided to go ahead. The decision was made easier by the fact that, a few days before, important methane deposits had been found in Apulia. It is estimated that the wells at Ferrandina alone will yield 2,000,000 cubic metres of very pure gas a day. This is three times as much as the neighbouring districts of Bari and Taranto could use today for domestic and industrial purposes. Geologically speaking, there are good prospects of other methane deposits being found in the south. In Sicily, after years of fruitless prospecting by Musso-
lini, the Ragusa oilfield was

discovered in 1953. This year two offshore wells near Gela have struck oil. The Italian Government decided in October to build a new petro-chemical plant there that will process 3,000,000 tons of crude oil annually.

For some years now industrialists have been settling on the east coast of Sicily. They have brought with them new political problems as well as their investments. The left wing has accused them of exploiting the Sicilians, and the industrialists themselves have complained of unfair competition from the state. Nevertheless, industry has at last begun to make an impact on the island's economy and the standard of living is rising. The discovery of more oil in Sicily and of methane in Apulia should play an important part during the next few years in helping the backward south catch up with the progressive north.

Italy is a member of the Common Market, but more than any other of the Six she has shown enthusiasm for a Free Trade Area embracing all western Europe. She has deliberately switched from bilateral trade agreements to multilateral arrangements over the past three years, restrictions have been lifted on exchange control, and the *lira* has remained steady. Italian shares are now quoted abroad and Italians are to have more freedom to buy foreign shares. For some time to come, Italy is still likely to be a capital-importing rather than a capital-investing country. But the progress made during the past twelve years is a striking tribute to what private enterprise and state encouragement can do when a country, even after years of totalitarian rule and a terrible defeat in war, feels herself at last free to rebuild.

—From a talk in the European Services

The Christmas Number of THE LISTENER

next week will include

'A Day with Churchill'

by Michel Saint-Denis

together with a short story,
a crossword (with special prizes)
and a bridge puzzle

The Listener

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Return to Baroque

MORE than seventy years have passed since the Swiss critic Heinrich Wölfflin began those studies which were to culminate in 1915 in the publication of his famous *Kunstgeschichtliche Grundbegriffe* or *Principles of Art History*. Wölfflin set forth in this volume a definition of what he thought constituted a 'baroque' style as opposed to a classical one in the history of Western European art. He illustrated his thesis with examples of architecture, sculpture, and painting, executed principally between the years 1450 and 1700. He demonstrated how much a picture painted in the seventeenth century by Rubens or Rembrandt had in common with a piece of sculpture or architecture designed by Bernini, and how much the joint characteristics of the work of such men differed from, say, the sculptures of Donatello or the pictures of Botticelli and Raphael in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Broadly, Wölfflin showed that the most typical characteristic of a baroque artist was his tendency to concentrate on the mass rather than the outline of what he was trying to build or depict. The baroque painter tended, Wölfflin thought, to arrange his figures one behind the other in depth rather than in planes across the canvas, and to fill his compositions with the appearance of movement and a capacity for bursting out of their frames in marked contrast to the kind of static grouping found in High Renaissance paintings.

Wölfflin's analysis has always been open to criticism; indeed, it is accepted university teaching to make its limitations clear. Yet his terminology has by now passed almost entirely into the language of modern art criticism and the use of the term baroque is more significant and generally understood than for instance a term like romantic. In THE LISTENER today Mr. Alec Clifton-Taylor remarks—from the recent publication of several books—on the growing interest here in the baroque style. This is certainly true, although books are following in the wake of the appreciation and connoisseurship of individual members of the public. Only ten years ago, in the London saleroom, it was possible for important baroque pictures (particularly large Italian ones) to change hands for less than £50, most of the money being paid for the frame. Similar pictures now fetch hundreds or even thousands of pounds, and their relative value may well be returning to what it was in the eighteenth century, when so many were brought over from Italy by collectors making their 'Grand Tour'.

Just lately several Italian baroque pictures have been purchased by the trustees of British public collections, notably the National Gallery in London. In 1957 the Gallery acquired an altar-piece by Guido Reni from the Liechtenstein collection; and only last month paintings by Salvator Rosa and Bernardo Cavallino were bought. However, 'one swallow does not make a summer', and it is to be hoped that both the London gallery and others all over Britain will during the next few years continue to buy similar pictures. In nearly every instance their acquisition could fill a serious gap in the kind of collection most British galleries have to offer. This winter the general public will have a special opportunity of seeing for themselves what a variety of fine baroque paintings are to be found in the later Italian School. For the first time they will be well represented in the Royal Academy's Winter Exhibition, which is to open on January 2.

What They Are Saying

More on Eisenhower's journey

SOVIET COMMENTATORS have tended to give credit to President Eisenhower as a 'seeker of peace' on his Asian journey, while stressing that 'reactionary leaders' in the countries he is visiting, as well as some of his fellow-countrymen, have other and more sinister ideas. Moscow broadcast a talk in Turkish from which the following is an extract:

It is very proper to hope that the peaceful intentions which were expressed by the U.S. President in Ankara will be welcomed everywhere and will please everyone who sincerely desires the easing of international tension. But in Turkey an old question, left over from the cold war period, is being asked: 'How can Eisenhower's visit be exploited for the intensification of war preparations?'

A Moscow transmission in Arabic contained the following:

The attempts of ruling circles in the Cento countries to exploit the American President's visit in order to intensify the cold war unfortunately have the support of some quarters in the United States itself. The U.S. Army Under-Secretary Milton, who is in Turkey, stated two days ago that he supported the idea of strengthening Cento.

Moscow, broadcasting in Italian on Eisenhower's visit to Rome, revealed a rather obvious preoccupation with the military dispositions of Nato. Having welcomed some points in Eisenhower's conversations—for instance concerning disarmament and President Gronchi's forthcoming Moscow visit—the commentator said:

There are, however, points which do not fully harmonize with the spirit of the times. The Atlantic alliance will continue to form the basis of the two countries' foreign policy, which implies the construction on Italian territory of foreign missile bases. Yet Italy's role in European policy is not negligible, and could become more important if Italian diplomacy were to discard the restrictions of 'Atlantism'.

Prague radio's Delhi correspondent noted, suspiciously, that President Eisenhower's visit to India was occurring at a time when right-wing forces there, 'supported by the United States monopolies', were active on the economic front, and were also attacking India's uncommitted foreign policy. But the Czechoslovak correspondent declared that Nehru's determination to keep India neutral 'could play a positive role' in his talks with Eisenhower.

Peking broadcasters saw the American President's Asian tour in 'black and white terms' and roundly condemned it. The tour was part of the U.S. endeavour to tighten direct control over the Cento countries (Iran, Turkey, and Pakistan), especially over their 'military set-up'. The Chinese home service also accused 'the United States ruling clique' of using Eisenhower's tour to 'carry out their anti-Chinese schemes'. The Communist North Korean radio at Pyongyang followed the same line.

The Tokyo radio quoted the Japanese newspaper *Sankei* for the following comment on President Eisenhower's Asian tour:

The visit to India has greater significance than his other visits in view of the current Sino-Indian border dispute. The present affords a wonderful opportunity for the U.S.A. to win the new friendship of India.

The Japanese newspaper *Yomiuri* was quoted as saying that Eisenhower's efforts to impress European and Asian countries with the sincerity of the American desire for peace would strengthen his hand at the Western summit meeting, and should help the Western position at a summit conference with Russia.

Peking radio discussed China's new television stations at Peking, Shanghai, and Harbin. All the equipment had been manufactured in China. 'Chinese television programmes do not carry large numbers of commercials as in capitalist countries, and they never broadcast about robbery, theft or other indecent stories'. The Peking television transmissions were mostly cultural, but national celebrations and sporting events were relayed. Most of the viewers were officials, students and workers, but farmers of some of the people's communes in the Peking suburbs also enjoyed the television programmes, according to the Chinese commentator.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

CELEBRATED DRINKING GLASSES

A CELEBRATED COLLECTION of drinking glasses was sold recently at Plaish Hall in Shropshire. BARNEY BAMFORD was there on viewing day, and described some of the glasses in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service).

'The late Captain Horridge', he said, 'became interested in the study of glass-ware nearly forty years ago, and the larger part of this collection was formed during the ten years or so preceding the last war, although he continued to buy rare pieces up to his death twelve months ago. What a fitting setting his fifteenth-century house has been for such lovely glass. Also in the collection were some vigorous and charming Japanese carvings in ivory, which fetched high prices in the sale.'

'There were more than a thousand pieces to be auctioned. The oldest were Buckingham glass, made in or about 1665 by the glass house set up by the Duke of Buckingham. One of the most outstanding pieces was a Couper-Beilby goblet. This was an armorial goblet made in 1760 by John Couper of Dumbarton, and enamelled by Beilby of Newcastle. The obverse with the arms of Couper, the reverse having the Couper crest and two butterflies—all in red, white, green, and buff on an opaque twist stem: a really magnificent piece.'

'I saw several examples of firing glasses with their typical thick feet, for these glasses were banged on the table in applause at banquets. Two of the goblets contain coins in their hollow stems—one a King Charles silver piece, the other a Queen Anne Maundy fourpenny piece dated 1713. The Horridge collection was particularly strong in Jacobite glass, there are sixty-five pieces, including two Amen glasses, and these are particularly valuable because there are less than two dozen in existence. They are both diamond-engraved with a crown monogram of the Old Pretender. On either side are verses of Jacobite paraphrase and the toast "Prince Henry, Duke of Albany and York", and underneath is the word "Amen".'

'Also in this Jacobite collection was a decanter engraved with the bust of the Pretender in Highland dress. In the roundel, in Latin, are the words "I will go more boldly", no doubt referring to the Pretender's hopes to wear the crown of England and Scotland. There was a drinking glass traditionally broken by the Young Pretender, Prince Charles Edward, following the toasting of the health of his father. It was subsequently retrieved, and repaired by the addition of a silver foot'.

DYLAN THOMAS IN LONDON

'The Dylan Thomas I first met in London in the early nineteen-thirties', said RUTHVEN TODD in 'Town and Country' (Home Service), 'was an almost cherubic person, even if his sartorial appearance was, as he himself remarked, that of an unmade bed.'

'Dylan was a great frequenter of pubs where, according to the company, one would find him variously employed. In Bloomsbury it might be a matter of the composition of scurrilous limericks in collaboration with William Empson, while in Hammersmith one would find him playing a losing game of shove-halfpenny with Christopher Saltmarsh.'

'Although there are many legends about Dylan's early days in London, so far as I can recall it was not exactly an "adven-



In the Horridge collection, recently sold at Plaish Hall in Shropshire: Japanese ivories—



—and the Couper-Beilby goblet

ture in the skin trade", as some would have us believe. Mostly, on his jaunts to town, he would stay with the poet Norman Cameron. There, because Norman took such matters seriously, there was always a glass of lime-juice at bed time as a precaution against a possible hangover, there was orange-juice at breakfast time and, although dinner might consist of *pâté de foie pie* and several bottles of hock, there always was food. As a means of support Dylan wrote reviews of detective stories for Geoffrey Grigson on *The Morning Post*, and very good reviews they were too. The reading of thrillers and, later, science fiction remained his favourite time-wasting occupation throughout his life.

'In London, Dylan was not a worker. He kept that for his longer periods in Wales. When he did have to work in London I recall him staying with friends in Great Ormond Street where, at his own request, he would be locked in a room with two quarts of beer when the pubs closed in the afternoon and not released till evening opening time. Otherwise, the afternoon would be frittered away in one or other of the thousand and one drinking clubs between Shaftesbury Avenue and the Euston Road.

'However, I would not like you to think that Dylan was drunk all the time. The pub merely served him as a club where he could meet his various friends and

amuse them with a seemingly inexhaustible flow of anecdote. And Dylan's friends and acquaintances were not all literary. He was at home with the racing tout and the unemployed Welsh miner. I remember how delighted he was in one of these so-called social clubs when a Welsh miner asked him what he did. Proudly, Dylan replied: "I am a poet". The miner looked at him with astonishment and said: "You have no right to be a poet, you have the face of a perfectly good Welsh miner".

'Dylan was an inveterate scribbler and made caricatures of his friends and of himself. In my copy of the eighteen poems (later stolen from me) he did two drawings: on the front fly-leaf there was a happy man saying "Yes" to the offer of a drink, while on the back there was a miserable character saying "No".

'It is impossible in a few words to express the delight I and his other friends took in his companionship. Throughout the years I knew him he was always the centre of any group of joke-telling companions. He could make the most miserable group of upset-livers suddenly feel alive again'.

COURT LEET

A week or two ago, in the Nottinghamshire village of Laxton, 'all manner of persons who owe suit and service to the Court Leet of the Ministry of Agriculture and Food' met for the annual court leet of the manor. ERIC HARRIS spoke about the occasion in 'Today'.

'Why does Laxton have a court leet?', he asked. 'Well, Laxton is the Ministry of Agriculture's museum piece—the sole surviving example of the open fields or strip system of farming that was commonly practised in England in Saxon times, and the ceremony of its court leet is well over 1,000 years old.

'There are three of these open fields at Laxton, and under the rules of the system each man must cultivate his strips in the different fields with the same rotation of crops as his neighbour does: winter corn, spring corn, and fallow. To make sure that everyone keeps the rule, a jury of thirteen is appointed each year; and one of the main objects of the court leet is the swearing in of a new jury for the coming year. The jury can fine anyone transgressing the rules: 5s. for ploughing too far, 2s. 6d. for leaving stones on the landways between the strips, and so on. The court has the full force of law behind it in theory; but in practice it relies upon—and receives—the goodwill of the people. Offenders are given a full year in which to pay their fines.

'At the Dovecote Inn, where the court is held, the Steward of Rolls begins the proceedings by calling the roll. "Everyone who sends smoke up a chimney in Laxton" is bound to attend the court or pay a fine of 2d. These twopences, collected by the bailiff in advance, and the previous year's farming fines are put into a basin and the new jury sworn in. What happens to the

finer? Half goes to the Lord of the Manor, and the other half to the new jury, who promptly spend their share, on the spot, on beer. Perhaps that is why they hold the court in a pub'.

SCOTLAND'S DIESEL-ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES

'There is a valuable guide to the efficiency of a railway locomotive', said NORMAN MCKILLOP in 'On Railways' (Network Three); 'it is the opinion of the men who are driving her, and the



Aerial view of Laxton, Nottinghamshire, showing the 'open fields' in the foreground

Aerofilms, Ltd.

opinion of all to whom I have spoken is that the recently introduced Sulzer-engined diesel-electrics on the tough Edinburgh to Aberdeen expresses are away ahead of the steam engines. I can now vouch for that after seeing the two diesel units, D.5324 and 5325, in action for more than three hours on the 130-odd miles of track which lie between the two cities.

'From the word "go" I started to compare them with "Spearmint", the Gresley Pacific I drove regularly on this 7.30 a.m. Edinburgh to Aberdeen run. When the driver opened the "controller" he merely moved it about half an inch, and I marked up the first point of credit to the diesel. There was another marked difference: when "Spearmint's" throttle was opened to start a train, I could feel her "tensing her muscles", as it were—like a horse taking the strain of a heavy load—with the first few exhausts from her chimney. On the diesel-electric the load was heavy enough—thirteen coaches weighing nearly 430 tons—yet when the throttle was opened there was little indication that immense power was being unleashed. Through the tunnels to Haymarket is a tricky stretch for steam engines and enginemen. They have to obtain all the acceleration they can, and yet be careful with the throttle to prevent wheel-slip; but the diesel throttle was full open and there was not a hint that the wheels even thought of slipping.

'After Haymarket the two units set out to show me what they could do in the way of performance. Through the dip at Turnhouse they were touching 75 miles an hour, and had attained the mile-a-minute a good quarter of a mile on the road before "Spearmint" would have done—and that is saying something. It was a lovely morning, the kind of day to assess how an engine coasts, and I was watching to see where the driver would shut the throttle for the Forth Bridge, with its speed restriction of 40 miles an hour: it was just about the spot where I would have shut off on a steam engine. At speed we were running as smooth as silk, and on the hills we climbed between Edinburgh and Dundee our speed never fell below 40 miles an hour, which is every bit as good as I would have got out of a Gresley Pacific, working on full throttle as the diesels were doing. Beyond Dundee we attained our highest speed after Kinnaber Junction, when we touched 77 miles an hour'.



A Sulzer-engined diesel-electric locomotive crossing the Forth Bridge

The Future of Man

Intelligence and Fertility

The fifth of six Reith Lectures by P. B. MEDAWAR

A CULTURED lady declares that now at last she understands why it is that so many of El Greco's figures seem to us to be unnaturally tall and thin. It is because El Greco had a certain defect of vision which made him see people with that particular distortion; and as he saw them, so he drew them. But a child then pipes up with the following objection: 'Surely if his eyes made everything look too tall and thin, wouldn't he see his own pictures in a different way from us too, and wouldn't they look just as strange to him as they do to us? If *all* he was doing was painting people in the funny way he saw them, then surely his paintings would have to look all right to us if they were going to look all right to him'.

What an irritating child! But—what an intelligent one! There is a grasp here, an ability to reason, to follow an argument and detect its faults. These qualities, and others like them, add up to 'intelligence'; and in this lecture I propose to discuss the possibility that in some countries, Great Britain among them, the average level of human intelligence is going down.

Children's Intelligence Tests

If we classify children of any chosen age by the scores they get in intelligence tests, and then make a diagram showing what number or proportion were awarded each possible score, we shall find that the diagram is smooth and pretty well symmetrical. The average score divides the children equally, and the most numerous single group is the one whose members have this average and middling score. Moreover, the number of children who exceed the average by a certain quantity is about equal to the number who fall short of the average by that same quantity; and as we get further and further from the average in either direction, so the number of children to be counted gets less and less.

What I have said about the distribution of scores in intelligence tests applies to other characteristics of human beings—to the heights of adult men or women, for example. Within the whole range of heights and wits there are people who are exceptional in the sense of being in a minority—uncommonly good at intelligence tests, or uncommonly small; but to call them 'abnormal' is a bit misleading, because it suggests that they are separated from the rest of us by sharp divisions or bold steps. It is true that some people do lie right outside the normal range of variation: are abnormally small or abnormally dull for reasons that call for special explanations. So it is with idiots and imbeciles: those who fall short of the average to the degree of utter incapability do seem to form a class apart.

But it is no longer these unlucky people that biologists have in mind when they discuss the possibility that intelligence may be declining. Many years ago, to be sure, the rumour got around that mankind would lose its wits because idiots and imbeciles are riotously fertile. In fact they are nothing of the kind. Many are sterile; and in any event their confinement to home or homes makes it impossible for most of them to have children—a good example of what I discussed last week, the way in which legislation (in this case the laws of certification) can have genetic effects. No: the problem arises over the greater fertility of those who are somewhat below the average of intelligence; and the fear is that their progeny are tending to crowd the rest of the population out. This might happen for one or both of two reasons: because, generation by generation, they tend to have larger families than the more intelligent; or because, generation by generation, they tend to have them earlier in life. For if the more intelligent parents start having children later and space them more widely apart, then, even if they end up with the same size of family in the long run, they are bound to be left behind.

All rational discussion of the possibility that intelligence may be declining starts from our knowledge of a certain association

between the average performance of children in intelligence tests and the size of the families they belong to: in some countries, Great Britain among them, children who belong to small families are known to do better in intelligence tests than the children of larger families. The relationship between the average score of children and the number of their brothers and sisters is pretty consistent over the whole range of family sizes: taken by and large, children from families with x members do better than children from families with $x + 1$. A great mass of evidence points to a clear *negative correlation* between the size of a family and the average performance of its members. Having used the word 'average' three times in the past minute, I hope I shall not be alleged to have said that the children of small families are always brighter than the children of large families.

Before asking how this negative correlation is to be explained, and what its genetic implications may be, we must take some view about what is to be inferred from a score in an intelligence test. Some people speak with angry contempt of 'so-called intelligence tests'; having satisfied themselves of the absurdity of claims which psychologists no longer make for them (and which the better psychologists never did make), they dismiss the entire subject from their minds. Others profess to attach no meaning to the word 'intelligence'—but try calling them *unintelligent* and see how they react. At the risk of being peremptory, because time is short, I shall take the view that intelligence tests measure intellectual aptitudes which are important, though very far from all-important; and that these aptitudes make up a significant fraction of what we all of us call 'intelligence' in everyday life. Only one disclaimer is important: intelligence tests can be valuable when they are applied to children still at school and to feeble-minded adults; their application to adults in general is very much more restricted in scope.

Explaining Negative Correlation

There are quite a number of possible explanations of the negative correlation between intelligence and family size. One possibility is that, for some reason, a child's intelligence declines with his position in the family; the first child being the most intelligent; the last, the least. The intelligence of each child might depend upon the age of his mother when she bore him, for a mother must be older when she bears (say) her fourth child than when she bears her third. This idea goes against all common understanding, but for purely technical reasons it is rather difficult to test. If we set aside certain forms of imbecility which are obviously exceptional, the most accurate tests show that matters to do with rank of birth do *not* explain the relationship between intelligence and family size.

A second possibility is that size of family can itself affect a child's proficiency in those intelligence tests which rely heavily upon some outward or inward skill in the use of words. For one thing, a child in a large family will listen and contribute much more to the unscholarly prattle of its brothers and sisters than will a child in a family of two or three. There is good evidence that inexperience in the use of words does play some part in the negative correlation between scores in intelligence tests and family size. It seems entirely reasonable that it should. Words are not merely the vehicles in which thought is delivered: they are part of thinking; and lack of experience in the use of words, even unspoken words, may well put a child at a disadvantage in a test.

There is a less direct way in which the size of the family he belongs to might be related to a child's performance. On the whole children of large families are not quite so tall, at any given age of childhood, as the children of smaller families—perhaps because, on the average, they have been a little less well nourished. They grow more slowly, therefore, though they might make up

for that disadvantage by continuing their growth a little longer, ending up no smaller than the better fed. But if, at any chronological age, the children of large families are a little backward physically, might they not be backward in mental growth as well? And may they not eventually catch up with the others, given a little time? Mental and physical growth are not exactly in gear, so backwardness in size can by no means be construed as backwardness of mind; but so far as our meagre evidence goes, there is some small but definite connexion between the intelligence of children and their size at any given age of childhood; and, with some reservations, this might account for a certain small part of the negative correlation between intelligence and family size.

Another possibility is that a lowly score in an intelligence test is part of a child's inheritance from its parents, though not an inheritance in the technical or genetic sense. Unintelligent parents, we might reason, have large families because they have neither the skill nor the will to have smaller families; and, being unintelligent, their conversation and precepts will tend to have a rudely pragmatic character, and their houses to be bare of books. The nature of the home he comes from is known to affect a child's performance in verbal tests of intelligence; but there is no suggestion here that a child of unintelligent parents would be at any disadvantage if he were to be brought up in a more educated home.

Yet another possibility is that the children of less intelligent parents do *not* start on the same footing as the children of the more intelligent; that their lack of intelligence is something which good upbringing can palliate but cannot completely cure; that differences of intelligence are inherited in the technical or genetic sense.

Inborn Differences of Intelligence

At this point I shall ask you to assume (what I think no one denies) that differences of intelligence *are* to some degree inborn. There are certain obstinate and persistent correlations of intelligence between parents and their children and between the children of a family among themselves—correlations that do not disappear when as much allowance as possible is made for differences of upbringing, environment, and family size. The study of these correlations in the population generally, and, in particular, of the values they take in foster-children and in identical twins who have been reared apart, suggests that not less than half of the observed variation of intelligence is an inborn variation. For many environments, it may be a good deal more than half. It does not do to be more particular, because the concept of an inborn variation in characters greatly affected by the environment is very complex, and the people who know most about it are the least inclined to express it in a numerically exact form.

Let us agree, then, that differences of intelligence are strongly inherited. We must now ask, why do less intelligent parents run to larger families? Teachers, demographers and social workers incline to believe that the answer is mainly this. Less intelligent parents have larger families because they are less well informed about birth control or less skilful in its practice; because they are less well able to see the material disadvantages of having more children than can be well provided for, or the more than material advantages of having the children one really wants. I do not like to put it this way because it seems to import a moral judgment which, valid or not, has no bearing on the argument. Someone might insist that it was *right* for all parents to have all the children they were capable of having, and that the unintelligent live up to that precept because, being more innocent than learned but worldly people, they have a clearer perception of what is right or wrong. All this is beside the point. The point is that they have more children, and are unintelligent, whether that does them credit or not; and if they do have more children, there is a certain presumption that innate intelligence in the population at large will decline. It should not decline at anything like the speed suggested by the boldly negative correlation between intelligence and size of family, because, as we have agreed, some part of that correlation can be traced to causes in which inborn differences of intelligence need play no part.

I say there is a *presumption* that the average level of intelligence will decline. It is not a certainty. In the first place, one highly important piece of information is missing. What about the

intelligence of married couples who have no children, or of people who never marry at all? Those who are oppressed by the possibility of a decline of intelligence point, with some reason, at the many highly learned people who are childless; and they remind us that when a population is classified by the occupations of its members, something is to be learned from the fact that manual labourers are much more fertile than those who live mainly on their wits. But those who think that the dangers of a decline are greatly exaggerated point out that idiots and imbeciles, and some of the feeble minded, are very infertile too. Our uncertainty about the intelligence of those who have no children is awkward because it means that we cannot give a very confident answer to a very important question: to what extent are the parents of each successive generation a representative sample of the population of which they form a part?

'Additive' Contributions?

A second reason for saying that the decline of intelligence is no more than a presumption is that there can obviously be no certainty in the matter until we know exactly how differences of intelligence are inherited. The argument for a decline is based on the belief that differences of intelligence are under the control of a multitude of genes, no one of which can be recognized individually; and it is assumed that the contributions of these genes to intelligence are *additive* in a certain technical sense. Are these assumptions justifiable? There is no reason at all to doubt that inborn differences of intelligence over the normal range of variation are under the control of a very large number of genes; but the idea that their contributions are additive requires a little consideration.

The word 'additive' refers to a particular pattern of co-operation or interaction between genes. An additive pattern of interaction implies (amongst other things) that there will be no such thing as hybrid vigour in respect of intelligence; it implies that a person who is mainly heterozygous or hybrid in his make-up with respect to the many genes that control intelligence will lie somewhere between the extremes of brightness or dullness that correspond to those genes in their similar or homozygous forms. If, on the contrary, the genes that controlled differences of intelligence were all to exert their greatest effect in the hybrid or heterozygous state, then there would be no correlation between the intelligences of parents and their children: the children of parents who both had the high intelligence conferred by a hybrid make-up would as often as not be of low intelligence, and parents of low intelligence would as often as not give birth to children much more intelligent than themselves. But in actual fact the correlation of intelligence between parents and children is just as great as the correlation between the children of a family among themselves, so there is no good reason to doubt that the genes interact in the manner which I have described as additive. Nor, as I say, is there any reason whatsoever to doubt that a great many genes are at work. Both assumptions I have made are therefore justifiable, and there is a fair case for the belief that intelligence is declining. There is an equally good case for the belief that the decline could not go on indefinitely, but this, for the moment, I shall defer.

Need for Direct Evidence

Is there any *direct* evidence that intelligence is declining? In 1932, a grand survey was made of the scores in intelligence tests of 90,000 Scottish schoolchildren whose eleventh birthdays fell within that year. Fifteen years later, in 1947, a very similar test was carried out on some 70,000 children of the same ages. No decline was apparent: the boys' scores had improved slightly; the performance of girls had risen even more. Taken together, the children of 1947 were two or three months ahead of the children of 1932 in terms of mental age.

At first sight these results were immensely reassuring. A decline of intelligence on the scale we now fear might not have been shown up by tests only fifteen years apart; but an increase was more than most people had dared to hope for. But could anything have happened to conceal a genuinely innate decline? Unhappily it could. The children of 1947 were, on the average, an inch and a half taller than their predecessors of 1932. They were ahead in physical as well as in mental age; but this does not imply that they were bound to end up taller and brighter when they reached adult

stature of body and mind. Again the pattern of family sizes may have altered in those fifteen years. If it did, the alteration would surely have taken the form of a decline in the proportion of the largest families, and this alone would account for a certain rise of average score. There is much else besides. The children of 1932 were taught by methods that may not have prepared them so well for intelligence tests; they grew up when a wireless set had not yet become a voluble piece of ordinary household furniture, and they lacked, then, whatever experience in 'verbalization' (if you will pardon the expression) comes from a constant familiarity with the spoken word.

But still: I gave you theoretical reasons for thinking that there might be a slow decline of intelligence, and direct evidence which, taken at its face value, shows that no such decline occurred. Can the theory itself be incomplete or wrong?

Some geneticists believe that it is incomplete, and I should like to explain their reasons. I asked a moment ago why the less intelligent should run to larger families, and gave the answer that has seemed reasonable to most of us: they have larger families for reasons connected with their lack of intelligence. But some geneticists look to another explanation: that people of mediocre or rather lowly intelligence are intrinsically more fertile, innately more capable of having children, than people of very high or very low intelligence.

A New Point

To accept this interpretation is by no means to deny that inborn differences of intelligence are controlled by a multitude of genes, or that inborn variation of intelligence is mainly additive in character. A new point is being made: that people of mainly heterozygous make-up are innately more fertile—are innately *fitter*, as biologists use that word. When people of mediocre intelligence marry and have children, then, in the simplest possible case, some half of their children will grow up to be like themselves; the other half will consist of relatively infertile people of very high and of very low intelligence in about equal numbers. The children of each successive generation will therefore be recruited mainly from parents of mediocre intelligence, but they will always include among them the very bright and the very dull. It is possible, as a theoretical exercise, to construct a balance sheet of intelligence in which gains and losses cancel each other out: a reservoir of parents of mediocre or even lowly intelligence maintains a natural and stable equilibrium in the population, for among their children the all but complete sterility of low-grade mental defectives will cancel with the lesser fertility of the very bright.

There is one respect, I think, in which this argument carries a lot of weight. It sets a natural limit to any likely rise or fall of intelligence. If a tyrant were to carry out an experiment on human selection, in an attempt to raise the intelligence of all of us to its present maximum, or to degrade it to somewhere near the minimum that now prevails, then I feel sure that his attempts would be self-defeating: the population would dwindle in numbers and, in the extreme case, might die out. In the long run, the superior fitness of heterozygotes would frustrate his dastardly schemes. This is a cheering hypothesis, but it does not imply, I fear, that our population is already in a state of equilibrium: that the average level of intelligence may not fall a good deal further yet. It does not imply that we have already used up all the resources of additive genetic variation that can be called upon before natural selection intervenes. Nothing could be more unrealistic than to suppose that our population is already in a state of natural and stable equilibrium, with a nice balance between gain of intelligence and loss. We cannot disregard the purely arbitrary element in whatever it is that decides the size of a family—disregard the massive evidence of the Royal Commission on Population on the spread of the practice of birth control. Nor can we neglect the fact that habits of fertility keep changing rapidly. The census of 1911 revealed a sharp increase in the difference between the sizes of families born to labourers and to professional men, but there are hints in the census of 1951 that the difference may since have declined. There is no need to assume, and I am not assuming, that professional men are innately more intelligent than labourers; the argument would be equally valid if for professional men and labourers we could

substitute the people who do or do not believe that intelligence will decline; I am saying that there has been a *change* in the habits of fertility, and that when such changes are in progress, the idea of a natural equilibrium must be set aside.

Much else could be said to the same effect. For example, it is not true that the most highly educated people are the least fertile. Apart from imbeciles and idiots, the least fertile members of our population in terms of educational standing are those whose schooling stopped short of university but went beyond what is legally required. I feel that the members of this group are less fertile because they *choose* to have fewer children; I am not inclined to believe that they are either unusually intelligent or unusually stupid; so far as innate intelligence goes, they may be a perfectly fair sample of the population as a whole. Nor do I think that some subconscious premonition of infertility directs them towards occupations which they merely appear to choose. But they are a numerous class, and the least fertile; what they contribute to our understanding of a natural balance of fertility is evidence that no such balance exists.

Again, the pattern of mortality as it falls upon the large families of poorer people has changed dramatically in the past fifty years. The death-rate of children within a week or so of birth has fallen rapidly, and begins to compare with mortality in the children of the better off; but deaths during the first year of life—deaths due mainly to infectious diseases—have not yet fallen so far, and do not compare so well. This is but a fragment of the evidence that must turn our thoughts away from the idea that we are in a state of equilibrium. At one time, I suppose, there may have been some natural equilibrium between intelligence and fertility—adjusted, perhaps, to an average family size of eight or ten. Perhaps matters were so adjusted that the brightest and dullest of our forebears were incapable of having families larger than four or five. But the families we have in mind today belong to the lower half of what is possible in the way of human fertility, and it is hard to believe that a new equilibrium could have grown up around families with an average size of two or three.

Let me now summarize this long and complicated argument. It is a fair assumption that a child's performance in an intelligence test—imperfect as such tests are—gives one *some* indication of its wits. It is a fact that the average performance of children in intelligence tests is related to the size of the family they belong to: the larger the number of their brothers and sisters, the lower, on the average, will be their scores. Part of this negative correlation between intelligence and size of family can be traced to causes which have no genetic implications, whether for good or ill. But differences of intelligence are strongly inherited, and in a manner which, in general terms, we think we understand. If innately unintelligent people tend to have larger families, then, with some qualifications, we can infer that the average level of intelligence will decline. There are good reasons for supposing that intelligence could not continue to fall indefinitely, but equally good reasons for thinking that it may have some way yet to go. In any event, the decline will be a slow one—much slower than the boldly negative correlation between intelligence and size of family might tempt one to suppose. All our conclusions on the matter fall very far short of certainty: there are serious weaknesses in our methods of analysis, and grave gaps in our knowledge which, it is to be hoped, someone will repair.

Profound Changes

Profound changes in habits of fertility have been taking place over the past fifty or hundred years; and they are not yet complete. The decline of intelligence (if indeed it is declining) may be a purely temporary phenomenon—a short-lived episode marking the slow transition from free reproduction accompanied by high mortality to restricted reproduction accompanied by low mortality. But even if the decline looked as if it might be long lasting, it would not be irremediable. Changes in the structure of taxation and in the award of family allowances and educational grants may already have removed some of the factors which have discouraged the more intelligent from having larger families; and in twenty-five years' time we may be laughing at our present misgivings. I do not, however, think that there is anything very much to be amused about just at present.—*Home Service*

Architecture in Poland

By NOEL MOFFETT

IN the centre of Warsaw there is a seven-storey block of offices. The first six storeys are in a simple, elegant style, with well-proportioned windows, well-chosen materials and good finishes. The top storey is different from the others; it is heavy, pompous, and over-decorated. While this office block was being built, Stalin had decreed that all Soviet architecture was to be designed in the so-called social realist manner. The Polish Government had issued a similar decree, and so the architect of this building was caught, so to speak, in mid-air. The visual absurdity which resulted remains as a reminder of the extreme rigour with which social realism was enforced; and the contrast between the top storey and the others shows in a striking way that 'social realism', stylistically speaking, was a complete misnomer.

As everyone knows, the idea behind it was that the grandiose assertions of Renaissance architecture should be the inheritance of the common people, regardless of totally changed tastes and circumstances and regardless, too, of the actual building needs of cities ravaged by the war—some of them, like Warsaw itself, almost totally destroyed. No one need belittle the immense effort and the great achievements of Russia and Poland in rebuilding. The fact remains, however, that today the centres of Moscow, Warsaw, and East Berlin all look as if they had been designed by the same architect, a man who lavished all his attention on elephantine and ostentatious public buildings, squares, massive streets and parade grounds, and obliged the common people to live and work in buildings designed, from all appearances, for megalomaniacs.

This unhappy and most hideous of architectural eras impresses itself afresh on every visitor to these countries today and will probably do so for the foreseeable future. The architectural critic had better forget it, for the death of Stalin brought the era to an end. After a good deal of discussion and self-criticism in 1956, a new edict went out to Soviet architects from the Council of Ministers in the Kremlin. It said:

Attractiveness in building should be achieved not through the application of ornate and extensive ornament but through the organic relationship of architectural forms with the purpose of the buildings.

It sounded as if Nikita Khrushchev had been studying Frank Lloyd Wright. And this stylistic advice was only part of a wider programme for better use of money and materials and the rationalization of the building industry.

In Poland, Mr. Gomulka came back to power and the new Government in Warsaw lost no time in giving Polish architects a considerable amount of freedom. Before the war Poland's architects had been in the forefront of the modern movement. Now, after a gap of nearly a quarter of a century, they could forget social realism and study once again what was going on in Western Europe and Britain and America; and, since Poland faces both ways, take advantage of new ideas and new developments in the West as well as in the East.

That was three years ago. I wanted to see for myself what

was happening. And so, with my wife as interpreter, off I went last August for a few weeks. We met many architects and planners. We looked at many buildings. We asked awkward—even embarrassing—questions. Since our return we have carefully poured our experiences into a fine sieve and the hard concentrated impression that remains behind looks something like this: some excellent buildings are at present under construction in Poland and designs for other interesting ones are on the drawing-board; but whether Poland will make, in the next decade, a significant contribution to the development of modern architecture in Europe will depend on how her architects can solve three kinds of problem: the economic, the planning and the aesthetic.

First, the economic problem. Poland is an agricultural country and the peasants have for centuries been the mainstay of her national economy. But Poland, following Russia, has been and

is being industrialized at a rate and on a scale unknown to us in Britain, though we know well enough from our own industrial revolution the horrors, the gigantic mistakes and misunderstandings, and the personal tragedies.

In terms of human happiness there may be no great distinction between the peasant whom starvation forces into a factory and the peasant whom a Communist Government forces into a factory. This is not the place to consider ethics or political philosophy, except in so far as large-scale urbanization affects



'Social realist' architecture: the entrance to a steelworks near Cracow

architects and planners. In Poland the case is that the vast central planning organization which Bierut built up to control all industrial, commercial, and indeed agricultural activities meant that hundreds of thousands of peasants became city dwellers; and this began to happen during the same period as the cities were receiving their social realist treatment. Urbanization was planned at the level of labour, and productivity and national economic recovery; and there seems to have been lamentable lack of co-ordination with urban planning in the physical sense.

The immediate result has been an immense social dislocation reflected, above all, in an appalling shortage of houses and flats. A good many blocks of flats were built; but no visitor to Warsaw can escape the impression—which Polish architects and planners confirm—that the money available for reconstruction and rehousing was often spent, tragically, in the wrong way. To give just three examples which come to mind: the gigantic Palace of Culture which the Russians built in the centre of Warsaw was supposed to be a present from the people of Russia. The people of Warsaw did not want it—but I was told they had to pay for it. One architect calculated that 2,000 houses could have been built for the same money. Secondly, local roads in new housing areas are extravagantly and undesirably wide, whereas the main roads between cities and industrial areas remain dangerously narrow and badly surfaced. Thirdly, as I have said, a vast amount of money was squandered on decorating new buildings with florid, ugly ornament which nobody wanted, apparently, except Stalin.

As for the housing: my wife and I stayed in Warsaw in a tiny flat consisting of a bed-sitting-room measuring fourteen feet by

twelve feet and a kitchen-cum-bathroom nine feet by six feet. In the flat next door, of the same design, lived three families. The bed-sitting-room was divided by curtains into three living-spaces. This, we were assured, is typical of housing standards in all Polish towns.

One has to add to the shortage of housing the fact that workers' wages are very low and that consumer goods are extremely scarce. Poles have to queue interminably for many necessities, and often these necessities do not arrive in the shops at all—such things as bananas, lemons, darning needles, and toothpaste have not been seen since before the war. The Poznan uprising of June 1956 was an unorganized and spontaneous expression of exasperation by the workers in the Zispo locomotive factory. The Government knew well enough, from complaints all over the country, that it was not an isolated case; and some wages have since been raised, more factories have been switched to consumer goods. But most Poles admit that their country is in a sad and chaotic condition, even though they have hopes of a better future, and the standard of living of the factory worker and the peasant continues to rise.

Architects, for their part, have to exercise their professional skill as best they can to improve and humanize conditions, and they are designing more suitable, more acceptable blocks of flats. Many of these are excellent, particularly those at Bielany, one of Warsaw's northern suburbs. Some of the new shops, cafés, and churches are also good; but they must be sited, in accordance with Stalin's pompous town plan, alongside Stalin's grim architecture. And although the contrast in style in some ways shows the new buildings to advantage, inevitably they look ill at ease in settings not designed



View from the Palace of Culture in Warsaw, showing part of the big, open square which surrounds it

for them. The best hope for the new architecture will be either in new sections of towns and in new housing areas or in the older towns that were unaffected by social realism.

The planners, I think, have an easier lot, though they have inherited severe problems from the Stalinist régime. I think most people will agree that central planning is a good idea and that this is usually done more thoroughly in Communist countries than in the West. Politics has been the master and economics very much the servant in remoulding the Polish economy. Major physical planning projects on a huge scale have been carried out for political reasons, often against the advice and warnings of economists and without even the knowledge of town planners. I will give two examples, from many.

I have already mentioned the building of the Palace of Culture in Warsaw. It was designed, in the Soviet social realist manner, by the Moscow architects Rudniew, Wielikanow, Rozyn, and Chriakow. It is forty storeys high and is surrounded on all sides by a huge open space. Imagine that part of London bounded by Park Lane, Piccadilly, Regent Street, and Oxford Street cleared of all buildings and, in the middle of

the cleared space, a single building about the size of Rockefeller Centre. An ideal setting for the review of troops, the Palace of Culture is intensely disliked and resented by the Varsovians. They call it 'the Horror' and say that the nicest place in Warsaw is its topmost floor, because it is the only place in the city from which it cannot be seen. It is indeed ugly and hopelessly out of scale with the rest of the city. A competition was held in 1952 to try to find a solution to the problem of developing the area immediately surrounding it, and it is unfortunate that the scheme

which offered the boldest and, in many ways, the most imaginative solution did not win the competition. Professor Leykam, the author of this scheme, suggested building seven other point blocks of offices of the same height as the Palace of Culture and located at regular intervals along Warsaw's escarpment, thereby giving Stalin's giant a better reason for its presence and giving the city an exciting new skyline. The two winning schemes accepted the fact that Warsaw will continue to be dominated by its single, gigantic gift from Moscow.

The second example of a major planning mistake is the building of Nowa Huta, a new industrial town, not far from Cracow. Poland has all the raw materials necessary for a thriving chemical industry—coal, phosphates, sulphur, and so on. It has not the raw materials for big foundries and steel plants—iron ore and metals. But Stalin insisted on steel, so Poland had to invest in steel. With Russian help, she built some gigantic steel plants, one of them a few miles east of Cracow, Poland's ancient capital. Theoretically, the reasons for building this one were sound enough: Cracow



A government building in Cracow, built after Mr. Gomulka's return to power in 1956, when Polish architects were given 'a considerable amount of freedom'

Photographs: Noel Moffett

had a serious unemployment problem and, as the city has been for centuries the centre of Polish intellectual life, the Government considered that a more desirable social equilibrium could be created by the presence of large numbers of factory workers. But three principal mistakes were made in planning: first, the steelworks—as big as the old city itself—was sited on excellent agricultural land on the Russian side of the city (the poor limestone soil on the west side would obviously have been a better choice); second, the plant is dependent on iron ore from Krivoi Rog in Russia (it is said that Nowa Huta has never received enough to operate at full capacity and it is evident that, if ever Russia decides to stop the supplies, the resultant unemployment would be catastrophic); third, the social experiment was bound to fail, as the factory workers—most of them straight from their farms in other parts of the country—were housed in a new town built for them close to the factory.

This town is connected to Cracow, two miles away, by a single, narrow road. The two towns hardly communicate with one another. Life in Cracow continues more or less as before the war; life in Nowa Huta tries to adapt itself to its strange surroundings. Nowa Huta, designed in the social realist era, has the same bad characteristics as others built at that time: that is to say, it is rigid and inflexible in conception, with long, straight and very wide streets, giving no shelter but tiring the legs and depressing the spirit; and the streets are flanked by gaunt, grim buildings which suggest the power of the state rather than homes where ordinary people sleep and eat and make love and gossip. It is rather pathetic to see a peasant family, looking lost and ill at ease, pushing an ancient pram full of their rural odds and ends from their flat in one of the grim, brick barracks, across a street wide enough to take twelve lanes of traffic. It will be interesting to see if this social experiment will eventually succeed. At present it certainly does not look like it.

But, in the way of planning, there is much to be learned from Poland—even from her social realists. When it was decided that Poland must be industrialized, state research organizations were set up to study prefabrication and new methods of building and the mechanization of the building industry. All over the country, factories were built to manufacture prefabricated parts of buildings. Today it is fortunate that these same factories can provide similar units for the new, more liberal attitude in architecture.

What about the aesthetic problem which is also part of the Polish architect's dilemma? I think, as an architect, my strongest,

single impression of Poland was of a country containing everywhere grim, gaunt blocks of flats built of ugly, poorly finished brickwork. Architects explained that the brick walls would one day be rendered, but no one knew when. Under Stalin, aesthetics and politics marched hand in hand and God help any architect who would not march with them. Almost every architect we met had spent at least some months in prison; one talented woman architect had been imprisoned for designing a spiral staircase which was supposed to have 'decadent capitalistic characteristics'. Poor little reactionary staircase. All architects are still civil servants, but there have, since 1956, been no imprisonments for so-called aberrations.

Today, I think, the architect's principal aesthetic problem is how to reconcile the gayer, more rational attitude which permeates the new architecture with this social realist legacy. Fortunately, the principles of good contemporary design were not entirely forgotten during the Stalinist era and a few good buildings were built, in spite of everything. In Warsaw there is a huge stadium, with seats for 100,000 spectators, which is as good as any in the world. This, I suppose, is because the complex circulation, planning, and structural problems had to be solved in a simple, straightforward way. Close to the Palace of Culture there is a small shopping centre, built of materials taken from bombed buildings. Because it was temporary, the architect was allowed to ignore social realist principles and the result is a fine group of shops, sensitively detailed and pleasantly landscaped. And towards the end of the dark ages the Government permitted a small amount of new housing to be built by private co-operative societies.

So there is a certain, tenuous continuity between Poland's pre-war modern architecture, much of it of exceptional quality, and her work since 1956. This makes the architect's aesthetic job a little easier and I have no doubt at all that, even if Poland's own problems take a long time to solve, Polish architects will soon regain the reputation they held before the war—assuming that their comparative freedom continues.

One event has recently excited Polish architects considerably, sandwiched as they are between East and West: three groups of them have been invited by the Soviet Government to submit designs for new houses and flats to be built in Soviet cities. It is on the cards that—now Russia has herself broken away from the cold, clammy clutches of social realism—one of her satellites will contribute towards a reformed Russian architecture.

—Third Programme

The Innocence of the Receiver

S. PREVEZER on the legal position

LET us suppose that, acting in the belief that the existing law is inadequate, parliament makes it an offence punishable with a fine of £100 to sell cigarettes to a child under fourteen. By the same statute, it makes it a lesser offence punishable with a lesser fine to sell cigarettes to a child between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. In order to guard against the possibility of an over-strict interpretation of these offences by the courts, it expressly provides that the offender must know, in the first case, that the child is under fourteen, and in the second, that the child is between fourteen and sixteen.

If then, one day, a tobacconist sells cigarettes to a child of fifteen whom he believes to be only thirteen, is he guilty of an offence under the statute? Clearly, whatever his state of mind, he has not committed the greater offence of selling to a child under fourteen since the child is, in fact, fifteen. With regard to the lesser offence requiring knowledge that the child is between fourteen and sixteen, is his mistaken belief that the child is only thirteen a good defence? Most people would agree that to acquit him on this charge would obviously defeat the intention of parliament to punish persons selling cigarettes to children known to be below the age of sixteen. Yet, as a recent decision on the law of receiving shows, an English criminal court, faced with such a situation,

might well acquit the tobacconist on the lesser, as well as the greater, charge. Although the Divisional Court of the Queen's Bench in the *Director of Public Prosecutions v. Nieser** conceded that its conclusion seemed 'the height of absurdity', it said that the position could be remedied only by parliament. The answer, the court implied, is better statutory draftsmanship. Whilst the decision may have fairly wide implications, having regard to the fact that it is not uncommon for legislation to create graduated offences of this sort, it requires, first, to be considered in its own context, that of the law governing receiving.

Although one normally speaks of the crime of receiving, the term 'receiving' actually comprehends at least three separate crimes: first, a statutory felony punishable with a maximum of fourteen years' imprisonment; secondly, a statutory misdemeanour punishable with a maximum of seven years' imprisonment; and thirdly, a statutory summary offence punishable with the usual maximum term which can be imposed by magistrates' courts, namely six months' imprisonment.

The statutory misdemeanour of receiving is, together with the felony, contained in Section 33 (1) of the Larceny Act 1916. This provides that 'Every person who receives any property knowing the same to have been stolen or obtained in any way

whatsoever under circumstances which amount to felony or misdemeanour shall be guilty of an offence of the like degree . . .'. This means, therefore, that the gravity of the receiver's offence is not dependent on any factors personal to him. The fact that he is, for example, what we may term a 'professional' receiver purchasing for the purposes of resale, as opposed to a 'lay' receiver purchasing for his own use, does not determine what offence he has committed, though it may help the court to fix his punishment within the limit allowed by the Act. The sole factor which determines the category of the offence committed by the receiver is the category of the offence committed by the original wrongdoer who obtained the property. Whether the original wrongdoer committed a felony, a misdemeanour, or a summary offence will determine whether the receiver in turn is guilty of a felony, a misdemeanour, or a summary offence.

Avoiding Discrimination between Separate Participants

In making the receiver's offence dependent on that of the original wrongdoer, successive statutes since 1827 have tried to avoid discriminating in principle between separate participants in what was apparently regarded as essentially a single event, the unlawful obtaining and disposal of property. At the same time, although there is little intrinsic difference between the most common felony of obtaining, namely simple larceny, and the most common misdemeanour of obtaining, namely obtaining by false pretences, both offences being punishable with five years' imprisonment, the receiver of goods obtained by the felony of simple larceny is liable to fourteen years' imprisonment, while the receiver of goods obtained by the misdemeanour of obtaining by false pretences is liable to seven years' imprisonment.

As *Nieser's* case shows, this is not the only curious result produced by the dependency of the receiver's offence on that of the original wrongdoer. At first sight, the requirement of knowledge, with which *Nieser's* case is concerned, that the property was 'stolen or obtained in any way whatsoever under circumstances which amount to felony or misdemeanour' appears quite straightforward: if the receiver knows that the property was obtained by either a felony or a misdemeanour, then he will be guilty of one of the two offences, dependent on how the property was actually obtained. Indeed, in many cases it must really be impossible for the prosecution to establish more than that the receiver knew that the property was wrongfully obtained. Since the scope of summary offences of obtaining is extremely limited, the requirement of knowledge would, in fact, on this interpretation, be satisfied by proof of belief in the commission of virtually any offence of obtaining.

On closer examination, however, it is clear that the requirement is open to another, more restrictive, interpretation, namely that to commit the felony of receiving the receiver must know that the property was obtained by a felony, and to commit the misdemeanour of receiving he must know that it was obtained by a misdemeanour. In other words, it is not enough in either case merely to prove knowledge that the property was obtained by either a felony or a misdemeanour. The two offences, although compressed into a single sub-section, are distinct, the felony requiring knowledge of a felony and the misdemeanour requiring knowledge of a misdemeanour. This was the interpretation adopted by both the Magistrates' Court and the Divisional Court in *Nieser's* case, and it gives rise to an interesting and not unimportant problem: what is the position if the accused knows that the property was wrongfully obtained but believes it was obtained by a felony whereas in fact it was obtained by only a misdemeanour? If his belief were correct, he would be committing the greater offence. Should his mistake, then, relieve him of liability even for the lesser offence?

The Refrigerator and the Television Set

Nieser was charged with committing two misdemeanours of receiving property contrary to Section 33. It was alleged that he had received from a Mrs. Honey a refrigerator and a television set, each of which she had obtained in circumstances amounting to a misdemeanour. The refrigerator she had obtained by the misdemeanour of obtaining by false pretences, and the television set in circumstances amounting to the misdemeanour of obtaining

credit by fraud. In the Magistrates' Court, Mrs. Honey testified for the prosecution that she had obtained first the refrigerator and then the television set under credit sale agreements which she had procured by various fraudulent devices. She stated that shortly before obtaining the refrigerator she had called on *Nieser* at his shop, had told him that she was getting the refrigerator and had asked him if he would like to buy it. He had said that he would and she had then obtained it. She had not had the refrigerator installed and *Nieser* had called for it at night about six hours after it was delivered. Some two months later, she had obtained the television set and had almost immediately sold it to *Nieser* who again had collected it from her home the night it was delivered. He had paid her £25 for the refrigerator for which she had agreed to pay about £58, and £35 for the television set for which she had agreed to pay about £90.

A police inspector then testified that *Nieser* had made a written statement, describing himself as a second-hand dealer and alleging that he had been approached by Mrs. Honey who had asked him if he were interested in buying a television set. He had called at her home and, after inspecting the set, had paid her £40 for it. He had taken the set home and was using it himself. The inspector further testified that he had called at *Nieser's* home two days after he had made the statement. He had then seen the refrigerator standing on an upstairs landing and had questioned *Nieser* about it. *Nieser* had denied obtaining it from Mrs. Honey and had stated that he had not bothered to get or give a receipt for it.

No Case to Answer

At the end of the prosecution's case, the defence submitted that there was no case for *Nieser* to answer since no evidence had been given that he knew that the refrigerator had been obtained by false pretences or that the television set had been obtained in circumstances amounting to obtaining credit by fraud. To this the prosecution replied that it was sufficient to prove that the misdemeanours had been committed and to bring evidence from which it could be inferred that *Nieser* had guilty knowledge of the circumstances of the obtainings. The magistrates accepted the defence's submissions and held that there was no case to answer: while there was some evidence that *Nieser* knew when he obtained the property that it had been obtained by some dishonest means, there was no evidence that he knew of the specific misdemeanours by which Mrs. Honey had obtained it. The prosecutor then asked for a case to be stated to the Divisional Court for it to decide whether the magistrates were correct in holding that there was no case to answer.

In view of the magistrates' finding that there was some evidence that *Nieser* knew the property had been dishonestly obtained, there must at the same time have been some evidence that he was reckless or indifferent as to how it was obtained. Although Section 33 of the Larceny Act 1916 speaks in terms of knowledge and not recklessness, the two concepts have been equated in other contexts of English criminal law, and one might have expected the prosecution to argue in the Divisional Court that recklessness should be sufficient in the case of receiving. There is, admittedly, a conflict of authority on this point in receiving, but this the Divisional Court might have resolved in favour of the prosecution.

Moreover, assuming that *Nieser* knew that the property had been dishonestly obtained and that he was not merely reckless or indifferent as to how it was obtained, then his knowledge must have been founded on either a correct or mistaken belief in the circumstances of the obtainings. Since the scope of summary offences of obtaining is extremely limited, he must reasonably have believed either correctly that the property had been obtained by the misdemeanours in question or mistakenly that it had been obtained by some other misdemeanour or by some greater offence. Clearly, the former and correct belief could have amounted to knowledge: if, as has been said, 'belief is the mental element which, if coincident with truth, creates knowledge', then in this event *Nieser* would have known of the misdemeanours. If, on the other hand, he had been mistaken as to the misdemeanours committed and had believed that the property had been obtained by a felony or by some other misdemeanours, then a more serious problem of statutory interpretation would have arisen. Knowledge,

in its usual sense, requires belief in a fact and in this sense one cannot know that property has been obtained by a misdemeanour if one believes that it was obtained by a felony. Yet it would clearly be absurd to allow someone to shelter behind a mistaken belief in facts which would have constituted a greater offence than that with which he was charged. Indeed, there is a well-established rule of statutory interpretation which allows the courts to modify the usual meaning of words in a statute if that would lead to an absurd conclusion, and this rule might have been invoked in *Nieser's* case.

Instead of fighting this issue, the prosecution conceded in the Divisional Court that a mistaken belief that the property had been obtained by a felony would be fatal to a charge of committing the misdemeanour of receiving. In other words, given our earlier example of the tobacconist and the child of fifteen, it would have conceded that the tobacconist had a complete defence. It argued, however, that it was not necessary to prove that *Nieser* knew of the actual misdemeanours committed by Mrs. Honey. It would be sufficient to show that he believed that she had committed any misdemeanours of obtaining and it contended that this could be inferred from the evidence and because of the doctrine of recent possession: from the fact that he was found in possession of property which had recently been obtained by misdemeanours, the magistrates were entitled to infer that he knew it had been obtained.

Conclusions Drawn by the Divisional Court

In its judgment, the Divisional Court kept the essentially legal aspect of the problem separate from the question of evidence. It analysed the wording and grammar of the section and traced the history of the felony and the misdemeanour back to the Larceny Act 1861. It concluded that the present Act had merely adopted the earlier definitions of the two offences and had compressed them into a single sub-section. It was not sufficient in either case merely to prove knowledge of the commission of either a felony or a misdemeanour: the restrictive interpretation of the section was appropriate, the felony requiring knowledge of felony, the misdemeanour knowledge of misdemeanour. However, the Court did not accept the magistrates' further finding that it was necessary to prove knowledge of the actual misdemeanours committed by Mrs. Honey: belief in the commission of any misdemeanour would be sufficient. Yet it accepted the prosecution's concession that belief in the commission of a felony would be fatal to a charge of committing the misdemeanour. In other words, belief in the commission of a like offence constitutes knowledge, whereas belief in the commission of a greater offence does not.

Why the Divisional Court agreed that *Nieser* had been rightly acquitted was because it felt the evidence did not establish that *Nieser* knew that some misdemeanour had been committed. It quickly demolished the prosecution's interpretation of the so-called doctrine of recent possession. This, it stated, is merely a convenient way of referring to certain inferences of fact which, as a matter of common sense, can be drawn from certain situations in the absence of any satisfactory explanation by the accused. Since Mrs. Honey had obtained the property in an unusual way, that is by committing the two misdemeanours, one could not reasonably presume merely from the fact of *Nieser's* possession shortly after the obtainings and from his lack of a satisfactory explanation, that he knew it was obtained by a misdemeanour. If, however, Mrs. Honey had obtained the property in the usual unlawful way, that is by the felony of larceny or stealing, then the inference of knowledge might have been drawn.

While this is undoubtedly a proper interpretation of the so-called doctrine of recent possession, the result must appear somewhat absurd in view of the fact that the distinction between felonies and misdemeanours is highly artificial and, probably, nowhere more arbitrary by modern standards than in the context of offences of obtaining. For example, to obtain possession (but not ownership) of property by false pretences with a certain intent is the felony of larceny; to obtain not merely possession but ownership of the same property by the same pretences and with the same intent may be the misdemeanour of obtaining by false pretences. In other words, if Mrs. Honey had obtained the refrigerator on hire purchase and not by a sale on credit, she would have obtained only possession and not ownership. She would then

have been guilty of the felony of larceny or stealing and *Nieser* might then have been convicted of the felony of receiving stolen goods because the doctrine of recent possession would perhaps have applied. Moreover, he would then have been liable to a maximum sentence of fourteen years instead of the seven years on the charge on which he was actually acquitted. Indeed, the situation in *Nieser's* case provides an excellent illustration of the deplorable state of this branch of our criminal law, and it lends strong support to the view that the whole archaic structure of the law relating to property offences should be abolished and replaced, as in some other countries, by a single comprehensive offence covering all forms of dishonest appropriation.

Yet, even allowing for the technical distinction between felonies and misdemeanours and for the dependency of the receiver's offence on that of the original wrongdoer, it is questionable whether *Nieser* need have been acquitted. Clearly, the restrictive interpretation of the section, requiring knowledge of the commission of a particular degree of offence, imposes a heavy burden on the prosecution. If the two offences are indeed separate and distinct, should not recklessness on the part of the accused be treated as tantamount to knowledge, as it is in other branches of the criminal law? Moreover, in view of the liberal rule of interpretation referred to earlier, it is arguable whether the court need so readily have accepted the prosecution's concession that a belief in the commission of a greater offence necessarily negatives knowledge of the commission of a lesser offence.

Since goods which are criminally obtained are usually stolen and the receiver is therefore normally charged with receiving stolen goods, to which the doctrine of recent possession may apply, *Nieser's* case is, strictly, only of limited application. What is, however, disturbing is its possible wider implications. Why should a person like the mistaken tobacconist be held guiltless solely because he believed in facts which would have constituted a greater offence than that with which he was charged? Dr. Johnson is reputed to have said on hearing Garrick declare that whenever he acted Richard III he felt like a murderer, 'Then he ought to be hanged whenever he acts it'. Obviously, no reasonable system of criminal law would go as far as this and punish a man solely for his beliefs and feelings. But once he implements his beliefs by an act which, in law, constitutes the forbidden act of a lesser offence, do we really lack the means to convict him of that lesser offence?—*Third Programme*

Father Figure

'You are old, Lord Chief Justice', the young man cried,
'And your views have become rather set;
You say the return of the birch must be tried—
Have Chief Justices not altered yet?'

'In my youth', he replied, 'I believed it was one
Way to weaken the prisoner's brain,
But, now that I'm perfectly sure he has none,
Why, I'd birch him again and again'.

'You are old', said the youth, 'as I mentioned before,
And your memory may require jogging:
If the birch is the thing for enforcing the law,
Pray, why do you deprecate flogging?'

'Now, the cat', said the sage, 'is a most brutal thing,
And no one would advocate that;
The birch-rod, however, whose praises I sing,
Is a quite different thing from the cat'.

'You are old', said the youth, 'one could hardly expect
Consistency on such a theme,
But might you not find, if you paused to reflect,
These differences less than they seem?'

'My judicial opinion is more than enough',
Said the lawyer, 'I haven't a notion
Why people must worry their heads with such stuff;
Try reason, instead of emotion!'

R. E. KITCHING

Landmarks of Political Thought

'Reflections on the Revolution in France'

J. M. CAMERON on Edmund Burke

THERE are two ways of taking Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*. We may think of it as a savage attack, and an unfair one, upon the French Revolution. Or we may consider it not so much as a contribution to a political debate long since over but rather as a piece of writing which contains some of Burke's most characteristic ideas on the life of politics expressed in the rich and splendid style of which he was so great a master. I shall, in the main, take Burke in the second way rather than the first. But I want to begin by saying something about how Burke was provoked into writing the *Reflections*.

Why the Pamphlet Was Written

The first edition, in a paper cover and costing 5s., came out in the November of 1790. The writing of the pamphlet—if so long a work can be called a pamphlet—had been begun a year before, when the French Revolution was only a few months old. What pricked Burke into writing was a sermon by Dr. Price, a celebrated dissenting minister of the day, delivered on November 4, the anniversary of the landing in England of the Prince of Orange—William III—in 1688, which marked the first stage of what the English Whigs called the Glorious Revolution. Price's argument was that the French Revolution was a splendid development of the principles of 1688 and opened a new and happier era in the history of mankind. This seemed to Burke a perverse interpretation of the 1688 revolution; and an attempt to make the French Revolution respectable: whereas Burke thought it ruinous to the French and a bad example to other nations.

When we remember that the Revolution was not much more than a year old when Burke put down his pen; that the terrible episodes of the Revolution—the execution of the King and Queen, the September massacres, the organization of the Terror, the brilliant campaigns which carried the revolutionary armies far beyond the French frontiers—were still to come, then Burke's denunciations of the Revolution and its leaders seem excessive. Again, Burke seems untouched by the social facts which justified, at least in part, the Revolution. All these things Burke neglects. In Tom Paine's famous phrase in *The Rights of Man*—the ablest rejoinder at the time to the *Reflections*—Burke 'pities the plumage and forgets the dying bird'.

The Essence of Burke's Philosophy

In a way, the *Reflections* contain the essence of Burke's political philosophy, indeed, of his whole outlook on life; and it is impossible decently to summarize it in a short space. For Burke, the arrangements of government, where these are established and have a history, are both mysterious and providential. They are mysterious in a way that the arrangements of a machine are not mysterious; for we can see that the parts of a machine fit together in such a way that each part has an obvious function in relation to the working of the machine as a whole. The state is more like a complex organism than it is like a mechanism or a business partnership. It is not invented, not constructed for ends which can be precisely defined. It is rooted deep in the soil of instinct and feeling. It has a history of which we can grasp only the most striking and—often—superficial episodes. The endurance of the political institutions of great states has something very remarkable about it. Could they have endured, asks Burke, and endured in forms which preserve a certain identity through change, unless they answered to the needs and purposes of mankind? He answers that they could not; and argues that 'prescription', that is, the bare fact of their having endured, constitutes their right to survival.

Naturally, Burke, even the very conservative Burke of the *Reflections*, did not think that all political change was a mistake.

But he wanted to distinguish between root-and-branch changes, such as those projected in France, which he thought stupid and sacrilegious, and cautious and piecemeal changes of the kind familiar in English history. (Whether the really important changes of modern English history, the Reformation under the Tudors and the Puritan rebellion, are in fact cautious and piecemeal is another and an interesting question.)

I have said that Burke thought the kind of political change represented by the French Revolution to be sacrilegious. This may bring out the way in which Burke thought that political arrangements of a traditional and long-standing sort were providential. In reading Burke we have all the time to bear in mind that he has a set of theological presuppositions, which he derives from the Bible, the Fathers, and the scholastic theologians. Just as the seasons enable man to live by the fruits of the earth, and this is a part of God's providence for men, so the state, the city, the family are a part of the providential order, designed for man's physical and moral well-being. In the most famous passage of the *Reflections* Burke asserts the link between the state, the world of nature, and God. He writes of the state:

It is a partnership in all science; a partnership in all art; a partnership in every virtue and in all perfection. As the end of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born. Each contract of each particular state is but a clause in the great primeval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible with the invisible world, according to a fixed compact sanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all physical and all moral natures, each in their appointed place.

Christian Stand

Burke's style is such that we are easily carried along by the wave of rhetoric and we may thus miss the obvious references of such a passage. When Burke speaks of 'the inviolable oath which holds all physical and all moral natures, each in their appointed place', he is referring to the 'God said' of the creation story in Genesis and to the Logos, the Word 'by whom all things were made' of the first chapter of St. John's Gospel.

It is important to emphasize that Burke is a Christian philosopher, for in many of the histories of political philosophy you will find Burke linked with various forms of political reaction; and men have even seen him as standing in the line of development which comes to a horrid climax with the National Socialist doctrines of blood and soil and the bastard Hegelian philosophy of the Italian Fascists. I think this is to miss the plain sense of Burke and to be a result of the bad habit of reading history backwards. There is, all the same, a certain plausibility in taking Burke in this way. He attached great importance to feeling and instinct as fundamental constituents of the life of politics. And he attacked rationalism in politics. I can best bring out what I want to say by contrasting Burke with his great opponent, Tom Paine. Consider the following quotation from Paine:

What we now see in the world, from the revolutions of America and France, are a renovation of the natural order of things, a system of principles as universal as truth and the existence of man, and combining moral with political happiness and national prosperity . . . In these principles [Paine has been referring to the first three articles of the Declaration of the Rights of Man and the Citizen of 1789] there is nothing to throw a nation into confusion by inflaming ambition . . . Monarchical sovereignty, the enemy of mankind, and the source of misery, is abolished; and the sovereignty itself is restored to its natural and original place, the nation. Were this the case throughout Europe, the cause of wars would be taken away.

(continued on page 1078)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

December 9-15

Wednesday, December 9

Twenty-eight seamen, the crews of a Norwegian and a German ship, lose their lives in gales in the North Sea

The United Nations General Assembly approves a resolution calling for an end to repression in Hungary

Thursday, December 10

Mr. Philip Noel-Baker, M.P., receives the 1959 Nobel Peace Prize in Oslo

Leaders of the three largest African political organizations in Nyasaland and Southern Rhodesia say they will boycott the Monckton Commission on central Africa

Unofficial strikes at two car factories in the Midlands result in 3,000 workers in Coventry being laid off

Friday, December 11

The report of the Central Advisory Council for Education (England) is published; it includes a recommendation on raising the school leaving age from fifteen to sixteen by 1969

The Americans and the Russians agree on a plan for the United Nations to supervise the peaceful use of outer space

The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Macleod, arrives in Uganda at the start of a tour of East Africa

Saturday, December 12

Nigerians vote in general election

The World Drivers' Championship race at Sebring, Florida, is won by Jack Brabham of Australia

Sunday, December 13

Archbishop Makarios is elected first President of the new Republic of Cyprus

Mr. Herter, American Secretary of State, arrives in Paris for forthcoming Nato meetings

Monday, December 14

President Eisenhower arrives in Athens

France protests to the United States about the disclosure of criticism of France's military policy at a recent meeting of Nato military leaders

The Home Secretary, speaking in Belfast, says the time has come for the Government of the Irish Republic to take more definite steps against illegal organizations

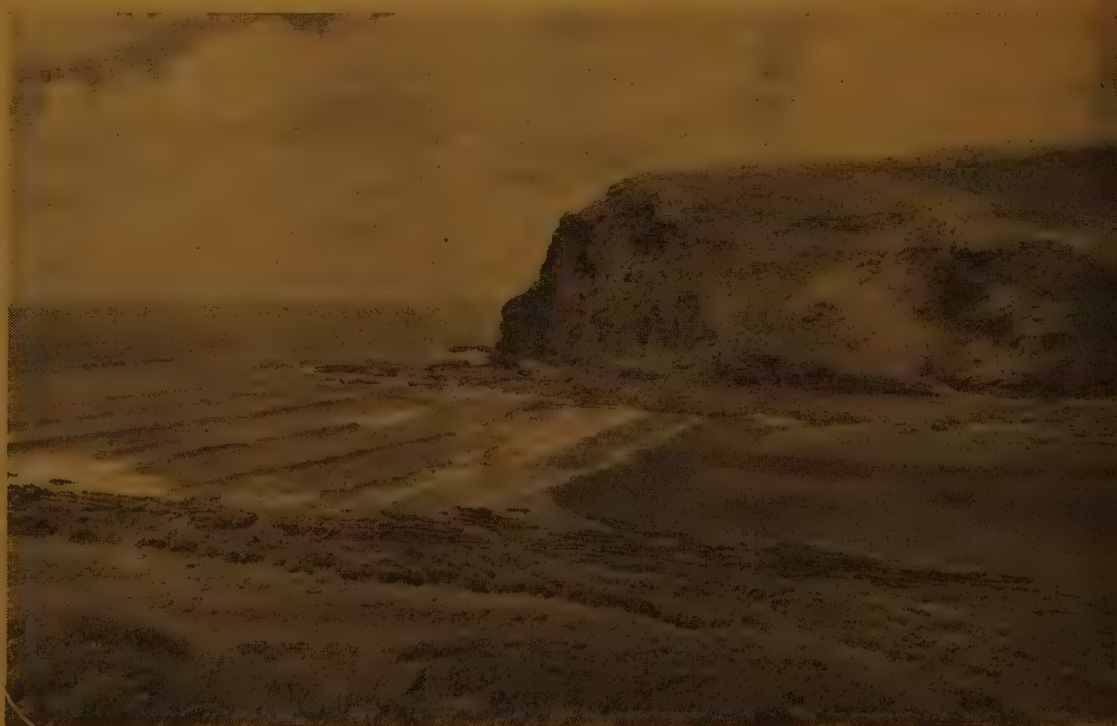
Tuesday, December 15

Governor-General of Nigeria invites the outgoing Prime Minister, Alhaji Abubakar Balewa, to form a new government after it becomes clear that his party, the Northern People's Congress, has won a majority in the election

The American labour leader, Mr. John L. Lewis, to retire from the Presidency of the United Mine Workers union



Continuing his tour of eleven countries, President Eisenhower last week visited Pakistan and India. In the photograph above he is seen driving through Karachi in a state carriage on December 7 accompanied by President Mohammed Ayub Khan (right). Above, right, the President being greeted by Mr. Nehru in Delhi on December 8. The next day Mr. Eisenhower addressed a joint session of both Houses of the Indian Parliament



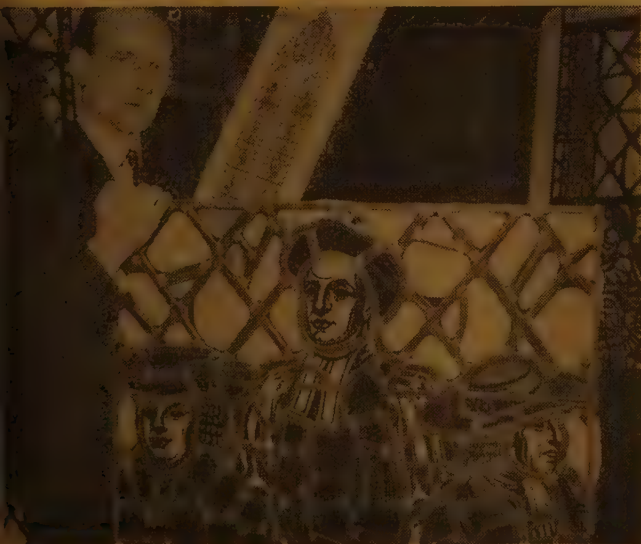
An order by the National Parks Commission declaring 360 square miles of Cornwall 'an area of outstanding natural beauty' was confirmed last week by the Minister of Housing and Local Government: this typical stretch of coast near Boscastle, Pencannow Point and Crackington Haven is included in the area. Among other parts protected by the order are Bodmin Moor, the Lizard peninsula, and a large area of the Land's End peninsula



Captain Johan Veurio of the Finnish freighter 'Anna' being helped ashore at Fraserburgh, Aberdeenshire, on December 11. He had been brought off by breeches buoy after staying alone on board for twenty-six hours, following the rescue of his crew. The ship ran aground in the severe gales in the North Sea last week in which fifty seamen lost their lives



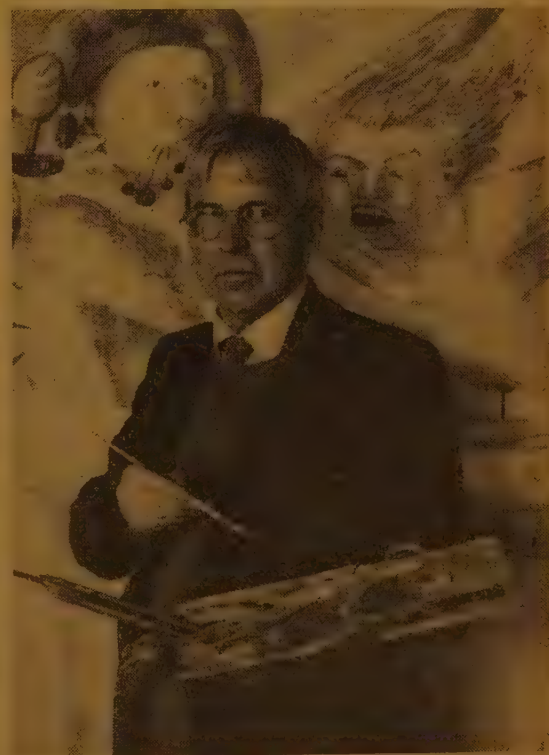
The ceremony marking the feast of St. Lucia took place in the Swedish church in London on December 13: the 'Queen of Light' is seen leading the procession after her coronation



Edwards with a section of the stained-glass window he is making pool Cathedral. The window contains 500 square feet of glass and includes the portraits of eminent Protestant scholars



A gold locket containing a strand of Lord Nelson's hair, formerly belonging to Lady Hamilton, which has been presented to Nelson's flagship, H.M.S. 'Victory', by Sir Albert Richardson



Sir Stanley Spencer, the artist, who died on December 14, aged sixty-eight. His works included many paintings on religious themes which were often the subject of considerable controversy. Among the best known are 'The Resurrection', 'Christ Carrying the Cross' (both in the Tate Gallery), 'The Last Supper', and 'Christ Preaching at Cookham Regatta'. He was elected R.A. in 1950 and was knighted this year. This photograph shows him working on 'The Crucifixion' in the church of his native village of Cookham, Berkshire

(continued from page 1075)

It is clear from this quotation that Tom Paine thinks that, at bottom, the problem of politics is a simple one. Substitute popular for monarchical sovereignty; recognize the 'natural' rights to 'liberty, property, security, and resistance to oppression'; organize your society so that what is to the interest of each man is to the interest of all, and wars will cease and we shall all be prosperous and happy. Burke thought all this was too simple to be true—and he was surely right in this—and that it disclosed a mind that was appallingly superficial. It is easy to write down a list of 'natural rights' and to get verbal agreement about them. But rights in a complex society are matters of delicate adjustment and accommodation. Burke writes:

In the gross and complicated mass of human passions and concerns, the primitive rights of men undergo such a variety of refractions and reflections, that it becomes absurd to talk of them as if they continued in the simplicity of their original direction. The nature of man is intricate; the objects of society are of the greatest possible

complexity; and therefore no simple disposition or direction of power can be suitable either to man's nature, or to the quality of his affairs. . . . The pretended rights of these theorists are all extremes and in proportion as they are metaphysically true they are morally and politically false. The rights of men are in a sort of middle, incapable of definition, but not impossible to be discerned.

Burke has the feeling that the philosophers whose doctrines lie behind the French Revolution are men of 'cold hearts and muddy understandings', as he put it. I think he was in general wrong about their hearts; but about their understandings—that they were 'muddy'—he was, I think, right. We can see that it is just silly to suppose that the abolition of monarchy and the vesting of sovereignty in the nation would put an end to wars; and this is not only because we have hindsight.

The kind of political rationalism Burke attacks in the *Reflections* is dead and unlikely to be revived. Does this mean that the importance of what Burke had to say is purely historical, that he has nothing to say to our own day? I

do not think so. Political rationalism is still with us in one form or another. There is, for example, the common assumption—one with a special fascination for educated people—that social evils and social conflicts are matters to be dealt with by specialists in social engineering; that society is an intricate machine, complicated, certainly, but, like any other machine, to be understood in terms of the relations between its basically simple parts. It is easy to slide into such a simple-minded and dangerous rationalism, partly out of a justifiable horror in the face of prevailing forms of irrationalism. (The examples I have in mind are the belief that the colour of a man's skin has some mysterious significance, or the belief that much of what goes on in the world is a consequence of secret conspiracies of capitalists, Jews, bankers, and so on.)

Standing, as we do, outside the conflicts of Burke's period we can distinguish as we read *Reflections on the Revolution in France* what is living in Burke's thought from what is dead; and what is living—the attack upon political rationalism—still challenges some of the central prejudices of our time.—General Overseas Service

Thinking in Numbers

The Social Sciences

By M. G. KENDALL

WHEN we come to the social sciences, that is to say, economics, social psychology, and so forth, we run up against several difficulties in measurement. For one thing, we cannot always identify the thing we want to measure. The standard case is the measurement of intelligence, where it can be argued that there is no such thing and you are begging the question by pretending to measure it. In other matters the same difficulty arises, for example, in the measurement of economic demand. One of the classical tenets of economics is that rational people behave so as to maximize the amount of pleasure they can obtain—at least, they used to talk about pleasure, but this was too much for Puritan England, so nowadays we talk about maximizing utility, which is the same thing but sounds a more reputable activity. Unfortunately you cannot measure utility—or at least nobody has succeeded in doing it so far. And even where one can measure things in economics one is sometimes in difficulty with one's standard units. Almost the only thing that the objects of economics have in common is a price, measured in money units. And we know only too well that the value of money changes, and at times changes very rapidly: it is as though our yardstick were made of rubber; in fact, worse, because rubber at least returns to its original shape but money never regains its value.

Here we have some serious practical problems of measurement. A philosopher might perhaps argue that they are not really different in kind from the natural scientist's, but only different in degree. But in practice it remains true that the physicist can carry out his measurements with astonishing precision whereas the social sci-

tist finds it very difficult to carry out measurements at all. Nevertheless, he does not throw his hand in. He cannot, in fact, afford to do so. Money may be an unsatisfactory unit, but he has to work with it. Intelligence may be a difficult thing to measure or even to define, but we have to try to measure it if we are to sort out our children into their various educational streams.

There is one rather important numerical method which is, in a sense, half way between counting and measurement—the method of ranking. If we have a class of students, for example, we may not be able to measure their ability but we may be able to arrange them in order of ability. Most schoolmasters would agree, I think, that although examination marks cannot be relied on too heavily as measures, they arrange pupils in about the right order. In economics we meet the same idea: people can say that they prefer A to B and B to C but would not care to commit themselves on whether they like A twice as much as B and B fifty per cent. more than C. So for certain purposes we can dodge some of the difficulties of measurement by using ranking numbers instead.

Suitability in Industry

By R. W. REVANS

THERE IS NOTHING ESSENTIALLY new in using arithmetic, or even a slide rule, to understand what people do, why they do it and with what success. We have for centuries counted how many people think one way rather than another; how many are rich, how many are poor; how many are butchers, how many bakers, how many candlestick makers. It was only because the Roman Empire demanded a census, or count, of its citizens that Joseph and Mary were in

Bethlehem rather than Nazareth when Jesus Christ was born. Nearly 900 years ago the Normans drew up the Domesday Book, a work now so respectable that everybody who wants to be somebody claims to have an ancestor mentioned in it. The very word 'statistics' means 'state knowledge', that is measuring the affairs of a country in numbers, whether its population, its trade, its industry, its health or even, alas, its crime. Such recordings are as old as the hills; we have no need to be scornful of Dr. Gallup with his new-fangled ideas. His is one of the oldest and most respectable professions.

Figurative Illiteracy

Since politicians have often based their arguments on statistics, one must not be surprised to find ordinary people sceptical of their use. We often say: 'You can prove anything with figures'; but such a saying shows that we are, so to speak, figuratively illiterate. Just as the trained carpenter knows a weak joint or an inferior glue or a piece of wood full of sap, and can see whether the cabinet is essentially a shoddy one, all faked up with veneer or varnish, so the trained mind will spot the mistake or the downright swindle in the argument of the man who is using figures to plead some propagandist cause. It is often only necessary to ask where the figures come from, how many cases are in the sample used, how representative—if at all—the sample is, and what rearrangement the figures have undergone; a few questions of this type, that any person with common sense ought to think of, should provide the confidence we need to make up our minds upon the truthfulness or otherwise of the causes that we are asked to support or oppose.

I say all this because I think that at present the more penetrating use of numbers in understanding society and the human beings who comprise it is being hindered—indeed, actively

opposed—by many people who think they have good reason to mistrust all social statistics. When I say 'the deeper and more penetrating use of numbers' I mean not just the collection and presentation of directly observable fact, like the number of millionaires, or science graduates, or wins in football pools, or shipyard strikes, but the use of measured or structured arguments to get at the causes of such interesting phenomena as millionaires or strikes.

In its earliest forms, mathematics, like much present-day statistics, was just for counting or for simple addition and subtraction. How many sheep or gold coins or serfs did the rich man possess and how many had he got rid of? But now mathematics goes far beyond this, and seeks to *explain* one set of facts in terms of another, as, for example, the lifting power of an aircraft wing in terms of its shape; or the heat generated in an electric fire in terms of its resistance and the voltage of the supply. It is true that the mathematician needed help here from the experimental physicist, since before mathematics can be used to measure anything, or even to count it, we have to know what we are trying to measure or to count. We had learned, I suppose, to count men or sheep thousands of years ago, but we are now used to measuring things, like ohms and volts and amperes, that, a century ago, were novel concepts. But once they can be measured and their relations to each other understood the mathematician can go ahead at great speed and tell us how systems that use these concepts will behave.

Understanding Strikes

In the social sciences some of our problems are in understanding strikes, or why people prefer to work in one factory rather than another that pays better wages; and problems arise, no

doubt, from a variety of causes immensely more complex than any that even the aircraft designer has to understand.

The difficulty is not just to know in what units or terms or scales to measure or count what we are trying to fit together (as one measures current in amperes or acceleration in feet per second per second) but to know what to measure in the first place. Some indices are fairly easy; the number of absences a year from various causes that a particular man has from work is simple in theory to record, but the *average* for all craftsmen, say, in the factory, allowing for the different liabilities of men of different ages to fall ill or have accidents or domestic troubles, is both a more difficult figure to arrive at and a less obvious concept to understand when one has got it.

Comparison between Factories

Does it represent anything? I think it does. It represents the average willingness (or ability) of all the craftsmen in the factory to turn up to work and hence, to some extent, their capacity to help the factory to do its job. It may be a rough-and-ready measure, but we may compare it with that of another factory and if it differs significantly we may ask: 'Why is it smaller?' This is, perhaps, a modest start, but at least we have a question that we understand. It is perhaps a less interesting question than one recently asked me by my little son: 'Do the numbers go to sleep?', but it suggests what to look for. Our progress depends upon our ingenuity in finding other measurable things that seem to be related in a structured way to the average absence rate. Even to put absence in terms of a measurable rate is a big step forward, like measuring the temperature of a fevered patient. We may show that, at a given factory, the higher the absence

rate among the craftsmen, the higher it is among, say, the unskilled or semi-skilled, or even among the office staff; the fever has infected the whole organism.

Wastage of Student Nurses

To find such correlations does not in itself explain a lot, but it may suggest what to go on looking for. It seems, for example, that the wastage of student nurses, which is much worse at some hospitals than at others, is a symptom of something about the hospital as a whole. The hospitals that tend to lose student nurses readily also tend to lose trained staff like ward sisters and even matrons just as readily, and also nursing orderlies and domestics. Only by patiently measuring these wastage rates by studying thousands of individuals could such a general rule be discovered.

What causes this general wastage effect must at the moment remain speculative. But inquiry in the wards suggests that it depends to a large extent upon the ease of communications among the staff. How readily do the sisters and nurses get the facts they need to do their work? How reluctant are those in junior positions to ask questions of their seniors? How willing are their seniors to discuss freely with their juniors what they think the hospital problems are and any ideas they may have for solving them? Here, too, measurement may be able to help. The physicist can measure electrical conductivity and optical transparency. Why cannot we try to measure and thereby understand the transparency of a social system, like a hospital, or a factory, to the passage of information and ideas? It is in trying difficult things like this that the social scientist sounds the deep waters of his subject. He has before him an ocean of infinite extent.—*Network Three*

Three Poems

On Trundle

Ascending by last light
The brow of Trundle Down
We seek the April comet
In vain. As evening deepens
Only accustomed stars
Prick out the dark; no omen
Astonishes the calm sky.

Soon three counties round us
And yonder shadowy island
With township, hamlet, farm,
Beech-hanger, pine-plantation,
Valleys of arable and pasture
And ploughed or virgin upland
Lie folded in first sleep.

Reflect. That far and flashing
Lighthouse, that dark cathedral,
And Trundle, man's old earthwork
Cobbled by perennial moles
From racecourse up to radar,
Raise high enough for dreams
Their towers of stone or timber.

No luck in the sky tonight;
Let's hunt the fugitive fell
Comet no longer. Equably
Turn back to the familiar,
Touch hands for unison, press
The sprung turf of Trundle:
Resume content with earth.

ARTHUR WOLSELEY RUSSELL

Sheep

Drawn from the hills, from the rush-
rimmed water,
Driven to town from pasture sweet;
Dazed and fearful, carried to slaughter,
Rattling, clattering down the street.

Wooden cages and wild eyes staring,
Brown as the tarns on their border heath,
On through the traffic, and no one caring
How they fare through the gates of death.

Death's dark night—and the stars with healing
Myrrh for bodies and balm for hearts;
Bird songs' welcome, and dawn revealing
Men in tumbrils and sheep on carts.

F. H. MARCHBANK

Ditty

My old dog is grey that used to be black,
Her jacket has lost its ebony sheen,
She drowns the last of her life away,
A fairer young bitch there never was seen,
My old dog is grey that used to be black.

Her bright brown eyes are clouded with blue,
Her delicate ears, so straight and tall
That gathered the tidings from far away
No longer alert to the near footfall,
Her bright brown eyes are clouded with blue.

Oh never again will she ramble the hills
And rabbit coverts, and never the streams
Her body will cool and her thirst allay,
Except in her dreams, except in her dreams,
Never again will she ramble the hills.

My old dog is grey that used to be black,
Yet greener was ever the green of the grass
Or sweeter the birdsong and scents of May?
Let it all pass, let it all pass,
My old dog is grey that used to be black.

J. R. ACKERLEY

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

HITHERTO few modern Italian painters have been drawn into the movement which has prompted so many artists to cover so many acres of canvas with a kind of wild calligraphy such as only the most speculative cryptographer may hope to read. But this is certainly the kind of painting that Ulrico Schettini, a young Italian artist who has recently come to work in London, is showing at the Drian Gallery: large and loosely handled abstractions in which, as with the blots used by psychologists for probing people's characters, the spectator is tempted to find such shapes and situations as his own fantasies may suggest.

Even while practising these ritual gestures of revolt and protest, Schettini remains, it is surprising to find, very much an artist of the modern Italian school, skilful in execution and in spite of everything conciliatory in manner. It might be thought impossible to assault the canvas in such a fashion and yet in the final result betray a marked refinement of taste and very knowledgeable craftsmanship; but this is certainly what Schettini has done. At first sight one may approach these paintings with the usual nervousness, the sort one may feel when it becomes clear that some jazz is going to be played; the music may well be worthy of serious study by some expert or other but the noise is sure to be disconcerting. But on closer inspection it turns out that the artist's colour is for the most part a discreet harmony of rather subdued and earthy tints; the design is calculated and very much under control; above all the paint is laid on with due attention to the properties of the medium.

Even so the cryptic imagery is still an important element of the paintings, so that they cannot be regarded merely as formal exercises in composition, colour, and texture of paint. Titles like 'Description'—description of what?, or 'Image'—image of what?, may suggest that the artist is deliberately trying to mystify, and perhaps rather more so than most of the artists who work in this style. Whenever the *tachiste* painters allow their splashing to coalesce into distinct and detachable forms there is always this suggestion that the shapes may have some hidden meaning; the artists seem to be treating us as Hamlet treated Polonius when he invited

him to agree that a cloud was like a camel, a weasel, and a whale, and no doubt this is what they mean when they say they want the spectator to participate in the production of the work of art. But the part of Polonius is not an attractive one to have to play, so it seems better to refuse to attempt any definite interpretation of these

which invite one to read a story into the picture, but it is hard to say whether the artist has set out to illustrate some definite incident in a tale or whether he has invented the scene first and then given it an intriguing and more or less appropriate label.

The really curious fact about these pictures is that Collis, who is now seventy-one years old, began painting only three years ago, though he has, of course, written about art for many years. This fact may be said to give him amateur status, but whereas the average amateur painter tends to be overawed by the achievement of professionals and treads faintly in their path, these paintings might be the work of someone who has never looked at a picture; they are, as it were, a completely fresh discovery of what can be done with a paint-box.

The British Museum has one of the finest collections of Persian miniature paintings (now among the world's rare objects), and the best of this collection is at the moment exhibited in the Print Room. This has given the Department of Oriental Antiquities an opportunity to exhibit a recent acquisition, a number of pages from a

fragmentary manuscript of a poem by Nizami on the life of Alexander which probably dates from about 1400. Here is a work of fantastic delicacy, one curious feature being that the illuminated margins are treated as if they are part of a scene the centre of which is concealed by the text of the poem, a conceit that brings out all the artist's ingenuity in illustrating with perfect clarity the action of the story. The most beautiful miniatures on show are the earliest dating from the fourteenth century and showing the influence of Chinese art under the rule of the Mongols, but many of the later works, though not so full of vitality, are of extreme refinement. Some pottery is also shown to illustrate Persian painting of the thirteenth century, from which date no manuscripts have survived.

Wildenstein's Gallery continues with its excellent practice of arranging an annual exhibition of the work of young or not very well-known painters. Richard Robbins's landscape and still life paintings are admirably conscientious and show much delicacy of feeling; in Richard Macdonald's almost monochrome landscapes the values are sharply observed.



'Italian Church', by Fred Uhlman: from a Christmas Present Exhibition of small paintings by English and French artists, at Roland Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1

forms. To appreciate the dramatic quality and the vague emotional overtones of these designs is another matter, and so far, at any rate, it is quite easy for the spectator to participate.

It may be possible to infer what sort of criticism a painter is likely to write, but no one could hope to guess what sort of pictures a critic is likely to paint. There is a general idea that a critic's pictures will be based on theory, unemotional, and probably lacking in vitality, but this is by no means always true, and certainly nothing could be more spontaneous, uninhibited, and fantastic than the paintings of Maurice Collis at the Kaplan Gallery. Not for a moment has he allowed any pictorial science to bind the freedom of his invention; his vision, on the contrary, seems to be that of a mischievous and highly intelligent child. In these little *gouaches*, grotesque and sometimes barely human figures, witches and bogeys out of an exotic country, move in tropical landscapes of flaring colours, and among trees and rocks that could nowhere exist. Many of them have titles, like 'Apparition by the Palisade', 'The Eavesdroppers', or 'The Arrival of the Goddess',

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Future of Man

Sir, In his lecture, 'The Genetic System of Man' (THE LISTENER, December 10), Professor Medawar makes two statements which are very questionable in view of the existing anthropological evidence:

1. Inbreeding makes for genetic uniformity, and its effect upon species like ours, genetically adapted to outbreeding, is invariably bad. . . . As a general rule the Roman Catholic Church does not allow marriages between first cousins. . . .

There are a very considerable number of societies throughout the world which consider some form of first-cousin marriage the most desirable of all matings, and in which they take place in a very high proportion of all sanctioned marriages. The most common form of such marriages is technically called 'cross-cousin' marriages, in which a man marries the daughter of his mother's brother, and conversely. It is arguable that in the past lethal recessives were manifested in the offspring of such marriages, but if that were the case, these genes would seem to have been bred out; some of the apparently healthiest and most intelligent of the non-European peoples can trace their pedigrees between cousins for a great number of generations. Professor Medawar's 'invariably bad' certainly demands modification in the light of this evidence.

2. Assortative mating will keep Negroes and Whites genetically apart in America or South Africa—though we hardly need a geneticist to tell us that.

I do not know how Professor Medawar justifies this statement in view of the large 'Coloured' population in South Africa and the fact that it is very uncommon to find a Negro without some admixture of white blood in the United States. In South Africa and the Southern United States there cannot be *legitimate* offspring of a union of white and black, but this does not imply that such offspring are not produced. Mating is certainly not random, and there has been social disapproval in both of these areas of any sort of connexion between black men and white women; but, until very recently, the converse mating has been relatively very frequent.

It would appear that Professor Medawar has taken the rules meant to govern marriage in some Western societies as statements of human mating behaviour everywhere; and this parochialism has, in these two instances at least, led him into false generalizations.—Yours, etc.,
Haywards Heath GEOFFREY GORER

Sir,—I have been following the lectures by Professor Medawar with the greatest interest, but, with respect, is he not guilty of a false argument twice in his fourth lecture (THE LISTENER, December 10)?

While discussing the genetic effect of birth control he states that 'the most general effect of an earlier completion of families will be to shorten the average gap between successive generations . . . so that whatever genetical

changes are happening will happen faster in terms of calendar years'. While this must be true as a mathematical abstraction, this cannot be true in practice. Assuming that families are begun at the same age (and if they are not, that is a different argument entirely) the gap between successive generations of first-born will remain the same. A genetical change, therefore, manifested in the earlier-born members of a family will take place at the same speed now as previously. The only difference is that with the use of birth control there are no later members of the family. This may concentrate the effects of genetic change, and therefore the percentage, but it surely cannot increase the numerical effect of the change. In any case the change will be affected by the lack of later births rather than by a non-existent narrowing of the gap between successive generations of early births.

A similar fallacy recurs a little later, when Professor Medawar suggests that married couples who plan a small family may make up for the loss of a child by having another, and thus increase the chance of a child carrying a recessive gene. This again cannot be a harmful result of family limitation, for if the parents planned a large family the later child would still have been born, and perhaps a great many more, thereby increasing the total number of such children in the population. The harmful gene will surely circulate more freely in a population of large families than of small families; just as it will circulate more freely where families limit the number of live births than where families limit the number of conceptions. Professor Medawar seems to have confused the two situations in reaching his conclusions.

Yours, etc.,
NEVILLE MARCH HUNNINGS

London, N.W.1

'Queen Victoria'

Sir,—In his very appreciative review of our book Mr. Roger Fulford wrote: 'Though it has not been possible to prove that the Queen or Prince practised the art [of photography] it is likely that they did'. Before publishing our book, but too late for inclusion in it, we came across a piece of valuable information in *The Photographic News* of January 24, 1862, which confirms beyond a doubt our belief that Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort themselves took photographs. Assuming this information to be of general interest, we quote the paragraph in question:

As a manipulator in photography the Prince Consort was unsurpassed: in his practice of the art he was greatly assisted by his former librarian, Dr. Becker . . . We should perhaps here add that Her Majesty is also a very good photographer. Certainly the art has no reason to complain of want of patronage and support from the Court; so extensive is the collection of negatives which have been taken for and by the members of the Royal family that it is necessary to have a private printer to keep them and print them when copies are wanted.

A rare smiling portrait of Queen Victoria

(plate 313 in our book) has aroused great interest. We were always astonished at how young the Queen looks in this photograph by Charles Knight, and it did not come as a surprise when we were recently informed that although the original photograph bears the remark 'Copyright February 1898', it was actually taken in July 1887, during a Jubilee address at Newport, Isle of Wight.—Yours, etc.,

HELMUT AND ALISON GERNSHEIM
London, N.W.8

Fascinating Primes

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of November 19, Professor A. C. Aitken mentions the primes which when divided by 4 give a remainder 1 and are expressible as the sum of two squares.

Equally interesting are those, presumably all the other primes, which when divided by 4 give a remainder 3. These are expressible as the *difference* of two squares. For example 19 is the square of 10 minus the square of 9; 43 the square of 22 minus the square of 21.

Incidentally, I share his propensity to analyse numbers even to the extent of so treating the hymn numbers in church.—Yours, etc.,
Seaford W. J. EADY

Mahatma Gandhi

Sir,—A committee has been formed in London under the chairmanship of Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, in order to help in the collection of Mahatma Gandhi's letters, speeches, and writings, the publication of which is at present being undertaken by the Government of India.

I would like to appeal to your readers who may have in their possession letters or other communications written by Mahatma Gandhi to lend them to us for photographing or copying. I should also be grateful for any other information which might lead to the possible discovery of such material.

Communications may be sent to me at 105 Westbourne Terrace, London, W.2. I need hardly add that the greatest possible care will be taken of all material lent to us and that it will be returned as quickly as possible.—Yours, etc.,

IAN LE MAISTRE
Secretary, London Committee for the
Collected Works of Mahatma Gandhi

'One way and another it will be seen that recreation can take an infinite variety of forms'. Thus Mr. Daniel George in *The Saturday Book*, number 19, edited by John Hadfield (Hutchinson, 30s.). Like Mr. George's own wide-ranging article, the book itself with its variety of contents and its multi-coloured pages illustrates the point—and so runs true to form. From Butterfly Sanctuaries to Short Stories, from Venice in Photographs to the Philosophy of the Bath, from the Gay 'Sixties to the Cabinet of Curiosities—whatever happens to have taken the editor's fancy, including a poem by Mr. Richard Church, has gone to the making of this book. As a present for Christmas it should fulfil its amiable purpose, which is to give enjoyment.

The Pleasures of Baroque

By ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

I RECENTLY had occasion to comment, in the pages of *THE LISTENER*, on the steadily growing interest in Baroque, as indicated by the appearance, from the same publisher within the space of a few months, of two substantial books on the Baroque architecture of Austria and Bavaria. Now comes, from one of our leading writers on architecture, a study of the same style in Italy,* with a welcome promise of a succeeding volume on the Baroque of Spain and Portugal.

Nevertheless, I believe that most of us in this country still need all the help we can get from perceptive writers, in the appreciation of the Baroque. For the Englishman who likes looking at buildings when on holiday abroad but has made no particular study of architecture, there is probably still no style so remote. Its associations are with the Counter-Reformation, with Roman Catholicism and particularly the Jesuits, and with absolutism. And formally, for all the originality and unending fascination of the best works, Baroque architecture, especially in Italy, is often undeniably pompous and theatrical. For an Englishman whose architectural education has been principally based upon, say, Gothic cathedrals and Georgian houses, Baroque churches and palaces are not the easiest diet.

Moreover, a vast amount of Baroque decoration is exceedingly meretricious. How often, in Italy or in Spain, has one not stepped into a Baroque church so frowsty, so tawdry, and so tasteless that one feels oneself to be, metaphorically speaking, in a kind of religious brothel. By comparison, the airy sparkle of the Rococo churches of Bavaria, and their 'musical' handling of spatial components, are refreshing indeed.

Thus, with the Baroque style, beyond all others perhaps, one must be incessantly discriminating. That is where an author with sound learning, a seeing eye, and sensitive 'antennae' can be of great assistance.

There can be no question, of course that Baroque art originated in Italy. Quite early in the sixteenth century, when the Renaissance was only just beginning to reach France and had so far left England completely untouched, Italy was already, under the tremendous but profoundly troubled leadership of Michelangelo, moving away from the serenities of Classical art into the somewhat neurotic phase which we now call Mannerism, where harmony gave place to dissonance, and artists sought after effects which were deliberately disturbing, as an expression of their inner *malaise*. Mannerist art is never happy, never radiant: but its best creations, such as Giulio Romano's Palazzo del Té at Mantua, make a powerful intellectual appeal. Mr. Lees-Milne devotes his first forty pages to an excellent summary of Mannerism, from which, however,

the Baroque itself was much less a continuation than a sensuous, full-blooded reaction.

On the Baroque period proper, Mr. Lees-Milne declares, with modesty but, it must also be admitted, with truth, that his book 'makes no claim whatever to be comprehensive'. Not for him the delights of the late Baroque of Lecce, which 'hardly subscribes to Baroque terms'. Not for him the enchantment of Noto, near Syracuse,

illustrated, is justly described as having, 'for sheer poetic fantasy, hardly an equal in Italy'. No city in the world possesses so many Baroque buildings of major importance as Rome. We are given lively vignettes of the leading architects, including some fascinating pages contrasting those two great rivals, Bernini and Borromini. One thinks of the buildings of the latter, for all their sometimes perverse fantasy, as fully partaking of the Baroque swagger: yet, we learn, they were the product of a brooding introvert. There is a short but highly perceptive account of Guarini. Among the latter-day followers of Bernini is mentioned Alessandro Galilei, who is stated to have sought employment in England without success. It has now, however, been established, I believe, that at least one of his English designs was carried out: the south-east portico of Kimbolton Castle, about 1714.

Outside the limits of the Baroque, Mr. Lees-Milne is not always so happy. It does not seem to me helpful to claim Baroque characteristics for the Erechtheum, and still less for the Parthenon. There is even a whole-page plan of the Acropolis, apparently to demonstrate that in its planning it was not Baroque! Then there is the odd statement that Siena Cathedral lacked a façade until the nineteenth century, whereas in fact it was complete by 1380. And I wonder what possessed our author to say that medieval and Renaissance façades, in contrast to Baroque, were always a faithful reflection of the buildings behind them, when in fact Italy has dozens, if not hundreds, of façades belonging to these periods, from Parma to Aquila, from Lucca to Orvieto, which are no such thing, to say nothing of some famous medieval fronts elsewhere, like Lincoln,

Peterborough, or Salisbury. Melk is said to show 'a regard for surroundings, . . . taking supreme advantage of the dramatic site provided by nature', which 'distinguishes the Baroque from previous ages', but how about Durham? There are also a number of disparaging and misleading references to the Rococo style.

The index is so curious as to provide a piquant, if somewhat debilitating, savoury to the feast which precedes it. Among unexpected participants are Handel, G.; Hitler, Adolf; Titian, V.; Moses; and the 11th Earl of Derby. All these are mentioned in the book in conversational asides which nobody could conceivably wish to look up. But search for Genoa, for Naples, for Venice, and you will search in vain. The church of Santa Maria Zobenigo in Venice is indexed, but where no one would think of looking for it—under M; and so with every church. Furthermore, there are thirty-five undifferentiated references to Michelangelo, and forty-one to Bernini. In sum, a compilation of infinite strangeness: quite a collector's piece.



S. Maria in Trastevere: cupola of Cappella Avila (1680): architect, Antonio Gherardi

a small town carefully planned and built on a new site, in the grand manner of the early eighteenth century, after the earthquake of 1693 had totally destroyed its predecessor. Lecce gets only three sentences: Noto not a mention. Venice, and even Naples, because their contributions to the movement were peripheral, receive, as the author is well aware, only the scantiest attention. This is primarily a book about the buildings, and principally the churches, of Rome, with short excursions to only a few other cities, of which the most important is Turin.

Within these limits, however, and despite a few rather quirky theories, such as that the buildings of bachelor architects are likely to be introverted and lacking in geniality—which I believe to have no truth outside the confines of devout Catholicism—this is a book that could add substantially to the interest and pleasure of a visit to Rome. How many, for instance, might otherwise miss the cupola over the Cappella Avila in Santa Maria in Trastevere, constructed in 1680 by Antonio Gherardi? This vault, here

* *Baroque in Italy*, by James Lees-Milne (Batsford, 35s.), from which our illustration is taken

The Listener's Book Chronicle

F.E.: The Life of F. E. Smith
By Lord Birkenhead.
Eyre and Spottiswoode. £3 3s.

Reviewed by A. P. RYAN

JOHN BUCHAN said that 'F.E.' was Aristotle's Magnificent Man, the last exponent of the eighteenth-century grand manner. Sir Winston Churchill (in a foreword to the original and now out-of-print version of this new biography) described his close friend, 'F.E.', as 'a sincere patriot; a wise, grave, sober-minded statesman; a truly great jurist; a scholar of high attainments; and a gay, brilliant, loyal, lovable being'. At the other extreme there were those who denounced 'F.E.' as an impudent adventurer, a play-boy at the Bar and in politics who had only reached the exalted heights of the Lord Chancellorship after having prostituted his great and universally admitted talents. It is hard to think of any public man within living memory whose career is more controversial or would put a heavier strain on the filial loyalty of his biographer.

Being a chip off the old block in the sense that such a challenge as this was a stimulus to him, the present Lord Birkenhead has twice completed a full-length portrait of his father. The first came out in two volumes in 1933 and 1935, soon after the death of the sitter and while the author was still a young man. This single volume, now published, contains so much new material and is so substantially re-done that it stands as a fresh work in its own right. There has been some wise pruning made in deference to the shift of interest of the passing years. But some omissions are to be regretted. Still, this volume is an altogether more finished job than were its predecessors. Lord Birkenhead has drawn on the Royal Archives at Windsor to show how worried George V was at the prospect of having 'F.E.' on the Woolsack. He has also made good use of memoirs, diaries, and letters which have appeared since his father's death.

How does he pass the test of candour that must be applied to any biographer, whatever his relationship to his subject? 'F.E.', he tells us, was an admirable father, tolerant, kindly and generous. But he was evidently not gentle. The son remembers how the words of seasonal greeting were arrested on his lips when he came home from Eton for Christmas by the sight of his father kicking his report round the room. The rewards, it is clear, easily outbalanced the penalties of having so vital a sire. 'F.E.' has been left just, if only just, on the right side of idolatry. His son is most fair about stating occasions on which his father came under fire as a public man and if, as may well be, the defences he offers will not always convince readers, they are well put.

The background to 'F.E.'s' spectacular struggle from modest beginnings is vividly described. The escape from a Harrow education, the brilliant Wadham phase ('F.E.', John Simon, C. B. Fry and all that often told but never stale story), and the first steps at the Bar show Lord Birkenhead to be an agreeable nar-

rator. When he gets on to politics, he sets the scene with a clarity that should be appreciated by those for whom the Edwardian era is still dim. 'F.E.' blazed into fame with a maiden speech that rocked the smug and canting side of Liberalism and put heart into the dispirited Tories after 1906. The text of this famous oration reads flat today in Hansard. But Lord Birkenhead, by evoking the atmosphere of the House of Commons and the striking appearance and manner of the young member, makes the whole thing dramatic and credible. No wonder, it will be felt by new readers, that this man was as heartily detested by the left-wingers of those days as was the Lloyd George of Limehouse notoriety by what we have since come to call the Establishment.

His exuberant championship of the Ulster cause delighted a large section of the public by the savageness of its attacks and, at the same time, shocked many people by its apparent inconsistency with the manner in which an honourable and learned member of parliament ought to behave. By 1914 'F.E.' was a legend. Now that has faded. It is twenty-nine years since he died, having burned himself out before he was sixty. He is ready to be weighed in the even balance of history and his son gives us, in most readable form, enough evidence on which to base an objective verdict. The greatness of the lawyer stands out as the pinnacle of the career. Learning, massive common sense and intellectual integrity live in speeches and judgments couched in language that the classic jurists would have approved. After that, opinions will begin to divide. But no one, except a pedantic, thin-skinned ideologist of the left, could fail to warm to a character so riotously full of enjoyment of almost everything in life.

H.M.S. 'Victory'

By Kenneth Fenwick. Cassell. 30s.

'The most famous and historic ship in the world', the author calls her. What Briton will deny it—now? Yet we hardly deserve her. Time and again the 200-year-old 'Victory' has almost gone the way of all ships. In 1798, not yet immortal, she narrowly escaped degradation to the status of prison-hulk, whence there was no return. Instead, however, she was new-built, to become Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar. For some years after this she was safe from the ship-breaker, having become the Mecca of patriotic Englishmen and the showpiece for foreign V.I.P.s.

But by the eighteen-thirties the Admiralty's zeal had waned. Twice they threatened to break her up: twice the public would not hear of it. Thereafter time and tide rotted her at her moorings off Gosport: in 1886 she had to be hustled into dry-dock to prevent her sinking. Returned to the seaway, she was rammed in 1903 by a runaway ironclad, and again barely escaped: in 1921 she was rescued once more, only just in time, by the efforts of the Society for Nautical Research, and moved to her present home, where at least she cannot sink. Then, in 1941, a German bomb burst under her, making a hole through which the proverbial coach could drive.

Yet there she is, as alive and as beautiful as ever: and there, surely, she will remain, barring hostile H-bombs or the reddest of domestic revolutions.

Mr. Fenwick does her proud, giving both her history as a ship, and the history of her naval achievements. The first of these themes recounts her building and her many reconstructions in hull, armament, sail-plan and adornments, providing a valuable and continuous record of the ship. The second and larger theme, interwoven with the first, describes her actions and campaigns. It is no easy task. With her battles he is very successful. Her baptism of fire, off Ushant in 1778, is admirably managed: still better are Cape St. Vincent and Trafalgar. He tells these oft-told stories well, escaping banality by much use of enemy records.

As for campaigns, other difficulties arise. Sometimes he surmounts them. But what if his heroine leaves the scene in the middle and returns later, as happened in the Mediterranean in 1795? Here he must either violate his own rule, and go right through the campaign, 'Victory' or no 'Victory', or he must leave a wide gap in the middle, which spells sad disproportion. He does the latter—the lesser evil probably because, if he forsook his rule, his very effective story of one ship might well have degenerated into an ineffective story of whole fleets. But it might be wiser to eschew campaigns, so hard to explain in terms of a single ship, and stick to battles, where it is relatively easy.

MICHAEL LEWIS

The Art of Rudyard Kipling

By J. M. S. Tompkins. Methuen. 25s.

The literary passions of youth tend to give trouble later on in life. How much was aesthetic or value judgment, and how much the rasp of the writer upon an adolescent nerve? One of the auxiliary functions of literary criticism may be to determine the matter. Quotations play an enlightening part; to see them limelit in a critical context may be a disillusionment or a confirmation.

I had always felt that Kipling was not merely a good but even a great writer: Dr. J. M. S. Tompkins's book, which deals with his prose, buoys me up. For she, starting out as a childhood enthusiast, with Mowgli and Parnesius in the forefront of her imagination, has returned to Kipling in maturity in order to sort out his style and his way of thinking.

About Kipling's poetry there is something odd and deluding: which is, his preposterous memorability. The verses stick: good or bad, and they can be depressingly bad, they gum themselves like bits of flypaper to the mind. I remember being, just after the war, at a party with persons whose judgments, generally speaking, could not have been more austere. As the hours grew small, a subject arose: Kipling. Within half an hour someone was reciting 'Shilling a Day', hauling it up fresh from his youthful memory, without a halt or hesitation, and the rest of us were listening spellbound, in a condition bordering upon the lachrymose. It had been, I admit, something of a party: and the reciter was good at his job: but he couldn't



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have done that for Tupper. Nor could his audience. Kipling had the skill of soldering words together so that they could not be dissociated one from another. Like Mark Twain's 'Punch, Brothers, Punch', the verse has its own mesmerizing force.

Dr. Tompkins makes the point that, after *Plain Tales from the Hills*, Kipling becomes an exceedingly difficult writer, operating on as many levels as the Piccadilly Underground. 'He told in "Regulus" how King, expounding Virgil, dwelt on the "treble-shot texture of the ancient fabric", and, later still, he came back to the same analogies when he explained his purpose and method in writing the *Puck* books'. Certainly Kipling always means what he says: but he means at least two other things as well. Try making a plot-and-intention précis of *Dayspring Mishandled* on half a sheet of paper, and see if it isn't so.

As the times moved, so did he: his movement of spirit and temper adds to the difficulty of understanding him. He is always changing ground, moving on as soon as history or his own inner angers erode one patch of earth after another. Time, working on his innate ambivalence, produced *Mary Postgate*, the savagery of which has been almost universally condemned. Yet for myself I am prepared to read it more willingly as an objective work (which it isn't) than I am prepared to view what Dr. Tompkins calls the 'Punitive Farces' in the same light. For she, so admirable in most of what she says, so excellent when comparing *Kim* with *Huckleberry Finn* or analysing *Dayspring Mishandled*, *The Wish House*, *The Dog Hervey*, slips into the snare of apologetics. 'Kipling was left, not, as has been loosely said, a cruel man, but certainly with an emotive comprehension of cruelty and an intellectual interest in it'.

It is no good wishing away the worst, when the worst is more than implicit in a man's writing. The 'punitive farces' are farces of hysteria repellently disguised as moral discipline: *A Friend's Friend* is beastly, *The Moral Reformers*, *The Tie* only just a little less so. And outside of farce, *The Bronckhorst Divorce Case* makes queasy reading. Even the 'cancer' symbol, so curiously used to stoic or heroic ends, becomes not a symbol but a scream of hatred in a poem like 'A Death Bed'. One has to take Kipling, if one has ever been enchanted by him, with the cruelty naked.

Dr. Tompkins avoids discussion of the political aspects of his work and concentrates attention upon the text. Astonishing beauties flash before us—'Three English counties laid out in evening sunshine around them; church upon church, monastery upon monastery, cell after cell, and the bulk of a vast cathedral moored on the edge of the banked shoals of sunset'—and astonishing insights. This is not an introduction to Kipling, but a splendid refresher course.

Dr. Tompkins makes one or two slips. She uses the word 'picaresque' as if it meant 'peripatetic'. Reflecting on the language of Mulvaney she remarks, '... the notation should be questioned here as well as the observation. What does Kipling mean by "sorr"? ' If she had ever met Mr. Frank O'Connor she wouldn't ask. She writes: 'It is hard to say what he might not have read at Westward Ho! and in his holidays'—but we can say, because it is all in *The Last Term*. These, however, are minor quibbles. *The Art of Rudyard Kipling* is welcome for its own sake: it might also spur other critics to come

off some paths which are by now as well beaten as the Great West Road, and devote further exegesis to this neglected and complex writer, with his extraordinary style and his extraordinary heart.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

The Cherry Tree. By Geoffrey Grigson. Phoenix House. 25s.

This is a new and comprehensive collection of poems for young people. Of such a book one asks: are there enough, or too many, old favourites? Answer: enough. One gets Sir John Moore's drumless funeral but not Wordsworth's daffodils. Are there hidden treasures? Yes—a moving Irish lament by Lady Gregory; an anonymous French-Canadian (?) rhyme, 'Pourquoi You Greased'; and many others. I am delighted to know that William Allingham wrote at least one more excellent poem. Is the presentation fresh and attractive? On the whole, yes; though I am not addicted to a thematic arrangement. About the anthologist one asks: 'Is his taste catholic and discriminating? Yes. Is his book a labour of love or of emulation? In this case, love. Geoffrey Grigson has faith in poetry and wants to spread it. He also has faith in the reading public. 'I doubt if there is', he writes, 'a day in the life of anybody, a banker or a bank-robber . . . in which he is not affected, in some direct way or another, by a poem of some kind'. Something wrong here; for if bankers were really so affected by poetry, its economic situation would not now be so precarious, and Mr. Grigson would have been able to include more copyright material. But apart from the scarcity of work by living poets, this is on balance a notable anthology, and I hope it will be found in every banker's briefcase and every burglar's tool-bag.

JAMES REEVES

The Greek East and the Latin West: A Study in the Christian tradition By Philip Sherrard.

Oxford University Press. 25s.

This is in many ways an unusual, not to say a strange book. For a little more than half its length it is an account of the spiritual (or ideological) differences between the churches of East and West which led to the final schism; the remaining chapters are taken up with a survey of subsequent intellectual history with its catastrophic deterioration in both East and West, and with a particular account of the Greek mental climate since 1821. Despite this somewhat curious plan, the book is clearly the outcome of serious thought based on intensive, if not very wide, reading of books and periods unfamiliar even to the well educated and the well read. The author writes as a convinced Christian, and for him the golden age of Christianity, and the purest way of Christian life, are to be found in the presentation of a chain of writers from Origen to Dionysius the Areopagite, which includes Clement of Alexandria and Gregory of Nyssa, and is continued by St. Maximus the Confessor and St. Gregory Palamas. Their theology, in which God is regarded as a super-essential Unity, is contrasted favourably with the (much later) system of Aquinas in which God is pure Being; their way of life, in which the Christian Mysteries lead to spiritual intuition, is likewise contrasted

with the Western way of faith and dogma, with its sharp distinction (here called the 'double truth') between reasoned argument and revealed doctrine. This opposition, in the author's view, accounts not only for the regrettable division between the churches, but also for the specific differences apparent in the *Filioque* controversy and that over papal supremacy.

Dr. Sherrard has made an original and fresh approach to a very old and well-worn theme, and some of his earlier pages are most illuminating; there can be no doubt that, in the later stages of the drift apart, two interpretations of Christian life and theology were (among the sophisticated) at war with each other and more irreducible than the merely doctrinal differences would warrant. Yet one cannot avoid a feeling, which grows in intensity as the book proceeds, that Dr. Sherrard is following a path of thought that strays further and further from historical reality. The Greek Church is identified with the opinions of a relatively small group of writers who were, in fact, soaked in Platonic and Neoplatonic thought, but who are persistently called 'the Fathers' and 'patristic' Christians. The system of St. Thomas is entirely de-spiritualized and the place occupied by Thomism in late medieval thought greatly exaggerated.

There are several idiosyncratic features, such as the recurrent opposition of 'metaphysics' to 'ontology', contrary to current usage and the Oxford Dictionary. There is no attempt at a historical approach and the outlooks of different ages are often contrasted as if they were simultaneous. Such statements as that on page 169 (the dates have been inserted): 'That Pius II [1458-1464] rebuilt the church of St. Peter at Rome [1503-1606], replacing the medieval basilica by a building whose profane and vacuous character is not without connexion with the spirit which led, by reaction, to the Reformation [1517]' may be regarded as a momentary slipping of the clutch, but there are other disturbing chronological lapses. And, after all this, 'where looms the dim port?' The West is materialized; Rome is beyond hope; Greece has adopted all that is worst in the West. We must content ourselves with the thought that 'things are what they are' and that 'what is essential in Christianity is beyond contamination'.

DAVID KNOWLES

Grivas: Portrait of a Terrorist. By Dudley Barker. Cresset Press. 21s.

Last spring General Grivas gave it out that he would shortly publish his memoirs, and that he would receive a million pounds for them. He has never been handicapped by over-modesty. But publishers must have been strangely reluctant to seize the great chance: at any rate nothing has yet appeared, or even been promised for the foreseeable future. Meantime the field is open for those who care to put together an account of the little man's career from existing records and public information.

Mr. Dudley Barker's *Grivas: Portrait of a Terrorist* is a journalist's book, written with a journalist's assurance, tendency to repetition, and 'I was there' manner. Only it seems that Mr. Barker was not there and has little personal knowledge of the events and people of his text. This leads him to a few revealing mis-statements, such as that EOKA did 'remarkably little actual fighting'. He evidently does not know that it never did any at all. The Greek

Orthodox Church is explained as having long been 'identified with a mystical, vague Greek patriotism'. Nothing could possibly be less vague. And he has inexplicably formed the idea that EOKA gangs were in the habit of 'raiding' military camps—a type of exploit which they hardly claimed for themselves, even in their own outpourings of self-praise. Also hearsay versions of incidents are repeated as if they were true accounts, and a certain number of chestnuts and

old wives' tales, some of them remarkably silly, are solemnly trotted out, mostly as 'Grivas escape' stories.

But if weak in detail the book as a whole is a good and comprehensive assessment of General Grivas's rise and fall. The author has used his source material well, and strengthened his argument by the pains he has taken to be fair to the man whom he is indicting. He brings out clearly and strongly the fact that EOKA's

was not a military campaign but a propaganda one—a point which perhaps was not sufficiently recognized by the British at the time, and has not been emphasized since, although it is of great significance. And Mr. Barker has some very interesting things to say or suggest about the General's intensive study, and then adoption, of methods used by the Communists during the post-war years in Greece.

PENELOPE TREMAYNE

New Novels

The Cave. By Robert Penn Warren. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.

The Vodi. By John Braine. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.

Scotty. By Christopher Davis. Hart-Davis. 18s.

WHATEVER ONE MAY FEEL about it, Penn Warren's novel carries more weight than its companions; his technical ambitions are greater, and when he draws on the experiments of his great predecessors (as he does with Joyce's) he is to be taken seriously. That said, I feel various doubts about his new book. Jack Harrick, the old hillbilly satyr or 'heller' lies dying in his wheel-chair. Jasper, the free spirit, his elder son and spiritual heir, lies trapped in the cave into which he has ventured ('He broke through to something big. And beautiful and grand and stupendously inspiring'); his guitar lies rusting in the dew. Monty, the younger son, burdened with his father's legend which he can't emulate, fails to rescue him, and the mixed-up college boy Isaac Sumpter goes in instead, planning the big news stunt that will recoup his other failures. Monty's girl, her father the bank manager, the Greek café proprietor are drawn into the action; crowds gather, weep, pray, booze, and fornicate. Isaac is revealed as a cheat; his father, the old hellfire preacher, lies to undo his son's lies, and is nearly beaten up by the crowd.

The conception leans on *Ace in the Hole*, but is strong enough, and its symbolism effective enough, in a filmic way; it is film technique, for instance, when Monty, failing as a man of action but finding himself as a singer, picks up the family guitar and improvises a ballad about his brother, while the novelist's eye roves the crowd, singling out 'extras'. It strikes me as significant, though, that when Isaac starts to report (and fake up) the scene for his television audience ('His father, an old man, a brave man ... sits in front of the cave in a wheel-chair, dying of cancer...') we feel simply that the novel is starting all over again.

But the novel stands or falls by the way the author explores his characters' thoughts and past, and here he shows an odd failure of sympathy. The theme of the book is self-hatred. The leading characters all begin with some 'unthinkable' thought at the back of their minds, and the effect of the central incident is to bring them a momentary 'dark sweetness' or illumination (it is the pattern of *Between the Acts*). Each character is given his own style and language; but what we get, though it sounds superficially as though it were meant to be the character's own inner voice, is really the voice of some imaginary commentator, friendly in the case of old Jack Harrick, with an archetypal, folksy, salty, hillbilly accent, hostile in the case

of the prim bank manager and the Greek. The latter is one of the richest characters in the book; but his dark, brutalized, self-pitying imagination is expressed by his commenting *alter ego* in a repellent, wisecracking, articulate savagery that is not his, and which gives one a feeling that the author himself is brutally triumphing over him. This is an interesting method, and in theory a perfectly possible extension of a Joycean technique. But as it works here, though you recognize it as a way of achieving imaginative sympathy, sympathy of a human kind leaks away. When the Greek has his moment of dark sweetness, and feels a motion of awareness and pity for his ailing, blowsy wife, the sweetness means almost nothing. He is obviously not going to find any real charity or understanding for her. It is simply a momentary reflex, as aimless as the promptings of his 'unthinkable' thoughts. And it shows a callousness in Penn Warren that he should offer it as anything more.

It is a far cry from Penn Warren's large vistas to the homely, optimistic, moralistic vision of the English provincial school. I enjoyed *The Vodi* very much, though, as many reviewers have pointed out, the structure falls apart towards the end. The hero lies in hospital with tuberculosis; his girl has broken off their engagement, so that he has lost his will to live, and remembering his old school-days make-believe about the Vodi, a race of small, ferret-faced creatures who sink their teeth into you if you show yourself the least bit trusting or vulnerable, adopts them once more as his symbol of life. A nurse takes an interest in him, and they fall in love. She sees his obsession with the Vodi to mean that he is wilfully withdrawing from life, and gets angry with him for not making more of a fight. He does fight, slips back, recovers, slips back again, whilst waves of lust, anger and nostalgia sweep over him as he thinks over his old life. As an account of coming back to life, it is splendidly done. Braine again presents his bright, commonplace young man oscillating between choices, at a stage when, once or twice at least, a choice can be refused and still offer itself again, and when, too (it is a Victorian novelist's theme), the way one has prejudged life in schoolboy fantasies (the 'marks' game in *Room at the Top* and the Vodi here) begins to seem all too significant.

What first strikes one about the book is that it is full of eating and drinking; and there is

good reason for this, for Braine's strength is to see moral choices in relation to the immediate feel of life. He reminds you all the time of taste and smell because they are the nerve of experience, the pointer to the actual nature of the thing (human destiny) that is in the balance. The way you treat them is a guide to the way you are handling life. Of course there is a comic side to this, and you begin to wonder just how many pints of mild and how many cigarettes you will have to see consumed before the hero has opted for damnation, as in *Room at the Top*, or, in *The Vodi*, salvation. But that is the fault of an important virtue; for it is just here that Braine's writing is so alive.

Christopher Davis's *Scotty* is a greyish, skilful novel about the way racial issues falsify human relationships. Scotty McKinley, the brilliant, spoilt, epileptic Negro child, his father, aunt, and intelligent, charming, managing mother, Rachel, move into a North American suburb, determined (at least this is Rachel's scheme) to impose themselves socially. The residents take up their dispositions; 'for sale' notices spring up; bribes are offered them to leave; a round robin is signed. Their liberal-minded neighbours, the Charleses, however, see where their duty lies and visit them.

Scotty falls in love with the Charleses' daughter, and when Rachel hears the girl wants to turn him down, her façade crumbles instantly. Not poised and clear-sighted, she is also not heroic, but just an ordinary, rather self-seeking woman; she is furious when another, humbler, Negro family comes to live in the street, for, as well as being a snob, she wants to shine, 'to hog the deal', alone. The Charleses' reasoning with their liberal conscience is hopelessly inadequate to the real 'naturalness' of the situation; and Scotty, hearing, as he thinks, his mother screaming down the telephone at their new Negro neighbours the very things the whites have been saying to her: 'You're not wanted on this street! Please get out!' (actually she has not been connected with her number, and is merely relieving her feelings), is driven to his death. It is an admirable conception, but a bit chilly and unindividual in its working out. There are too many 'significant' moments—like the children fishing for golf balls in the creek—constructed according to 'superior' novel-writing procedures, and more deadening, really, than the innocent clichés that John Braine often tumbles into. All the same, a fine achievement.

P. N. FURBANK

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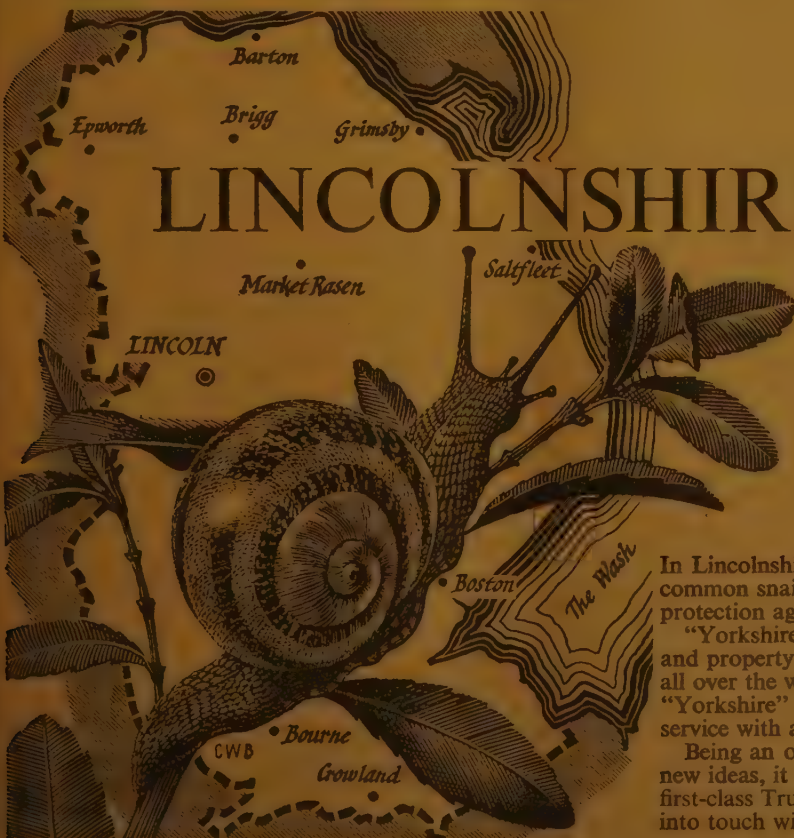
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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

A Good Strong Pint

AFTER GIVING its first half a pretty good panning, it is pleasant to be able to report that the remainder of 'Science International' (December 8) was much more successful. The subject was cancer; and a comparison of its scope (wide enough in all conscience) with that of the previous inquiry, 'What is Life?', suggests the reason. It succeeded simply because it is possible to get a pint into a pint bottle, whereas if you try to do the same thing with a gallon that leaves seven pints over for the carpet. Not that there wasn't a certain degree of spillage on this occasion also: but it was a good strong pint, so we won't be too particular. At any rate, Professor Swann and Raymond Baxter this time kept us more or less with them; and it was good to get another look at all those intricately beautiful models.

Two small grouses. The music: it is too glibly assumed that what one may call 'space-fiction music' is appropriate to each and every scientific occasion. It isn't; and the tendency needs watching. Also one must add that the delirious electronic jazz that accompanied the shots of multiplying cancer cells was far too jolly—unless, of course, you happen to be on the side of cancer. Second, the title: why 'The Last Scourge'? This was infinitely over-optimistic: cancer is only one of ten devils, each worse than the other, and none of them mastered. Anyway, in the final analysis, we can be fairly sure that the last scourge will turn out to be man himself.

'Panorama' was its usual mixed self (December 7). There were good sequences of Abu

Simbel and the other temples threatened by the Aswan high dam—it was particularly good to be shown the sumptuous interior of Abu Simbel, much more impressive (to my mind) than the rather self-defeating façade—which in itself would perhaps not really be worth saving at the almost prohibitive estimated cost of £25,000,000. But even if it is saved, as one hopes, it will never really be the same again, staring into the blank concrete posterior of its own private dam instead of—as when I myself visited it in less progressive days—out over the shiny great Nile into the limitless oranges and fawns and violets of the Nubian sands.



Professor Michael Swann looking at the million-times magnified perspex model of a living cell in 'The Last Scourge', the second programme in 'Science International', on December 8

Wild-cat strikes, and the status of shop-stewards, were also ably investigated. This is not the place to discuss the implications which would certainly be political if I were capable of drawing them. But I do not feel myself to be, simply because the jargon in which these things apparently have to be discussed is so perfectly frightful that my mind slams shut at the first whiff of it. It seems that nobody connected with 'industrial relations' can say 'place': he has to say 'locality' or 'location'. He has to deliver himself of sentences like 'I scribe to the view that matter is definitely not in the competence of the consultative committee'—whereas he should be talking a rich monosyllabic regional English with a burr to it. Here is a forcible reminder that language can be used to obscure thought as well as to express it.



A still from the cartoon film, *The Little Island*, seen in a programme on experimental films in 'The Cinema Today'

But after those two good pieces of reportage 'Panorama' came down with a bump, with the results of its 'traffic competition'. Six thousand entries had been received, and the prize was a fortnight for two in traffic-less Sark. Four of the winner's suggestions for easing the present congestion were made public. Two were that more use should be made of the railways and that the rush hour should be spread; for which I myself should have awarded about sixpence and a toffee-apple. The other two were to abolish all speed limits and to dig holes in the road to warn cars of approaching danger; I should think about twenty years in Sark would cover that. Was this really the pick of six thousand? I quite realize that there may have been more in this entry than we were given to know: but, as viewers, we have a perfect right to ignore that. This was supposed to be a television competition.

Peter Hall, interviewed (somewhat sharply) by Huw Wheldon in 'Monitor' (December 6), talked a lot of good sense about the deplorable insensitivity to verse of the mass of contemporary British actors. Whatever future results may be, Mr. Hall's intentions could not be more admirable. He knows where to begin—which is with the text, and a text that is written in verse—and I do not know that that can be said of any other living Shakespearean producer. If he brings it off at Stratford some of us will be less unwilling to set foot inside a theatre.

There was also a gay piece of goon-film from Spike Milligan; and the same point emerged from Karel Reisz's excellent 'Experimental Films', in 'The Cinema Today' series (December 8)—that the camera is not just a blunt instrument for pointing at things but a subtle, evocative, imaginative creator. And when that is learned some of us will be less unwilling to set foot inside a cinema.

The spirit of '£'mas, casting its shadow before and disrupting Her Majesty's mails thereby, prevented my mentioning last week Per Høst's two extraordinary films on Arctic Norway, in which magnificent photography was supported by exactly the right degree of unemphatic informative commentary. Armand and Michaela Denis, please note.

HILARY CORKE



'Panorama': men at a motor works interviewed by Robin Day about unofficial strikes

DRAMA

Driving Power

WHATEVER JACK PULMAN's other abilities, he is no hand at titles. *All You Young Lovers*, which aroused one's worst expectations last June, turned out to be one of the best new plays of the year. Now he has come up with another bromide. *Echo from Afar*, with its double emphasis on the remote, did nothing to prepare one for the disquieting, unwieldy, realistic, melodramatic, complex, and savagely direct work which arrived on the screen on December 13. 'Work' is the right word for it. Mr. Pulman has obviously applied himself with intensity to reconciling dramatic viability with the demands of a serious and difficult subject. And his sincerity (I wish there were another word) carries him through: in spite of its over-elaboration and conflict of idioms, the play holds its course with the driving power of a tank.

Dr. Paul Harrer is a German immigrant who has conducted his flourishing practice in a small Middle West town since he entered the United States at the end of the war. He has a loving wife, very hospitable, very *gemütlich*, and an intelligent daughter whom he adores; the only trouble is his son, Peter, a failed medical student who divides his aimlessly frustrated time between working in a chemist's shop and smashing up his car at regular intervals. But prolepsis is already rumbling. The mother gently warns the daughter against a streak of hardness in her nature; the German-Jewish boy friend cannot decide whether to claim reparation from the Bonn Government for his parents' death under the Nazis; and when Harrer goes into a bar and finds himself face to face with a gaunt cold-eyed stranger the subject of the play stands revealed. Harrer is a war criminal who has lived for fifteen years on borrowed time; now he has to pay.

Mr. Pulman admits all the moral contradictions of this situation to the action. He goes out of his way to make Harrer a sympathetic figure—a useful citizen and a good father who was acting under orders in using Buchenwald prisoners as research victims; the sheer pointlessness of revenge is argued out, and so is the injustice of the arrogantly ignorant attack on the doctor by his daughter and the Jewish boy.

If the author had made the accusation scene a family affair, menacingly overshadowed by the stranger's unseen presence, all would have been well. But he allowed the stranger to burst into the house and confront the doctor with his crime. The purpose, quite legitimately, was to show ordinary life being overtaken by nightmare; but there is a difference between nightmare and melodrama, and what one saw was not a corpse arising to affright its murderer but an ill-mannered intruder interrupting a rational conversation to discharge floods of inferior rhetoric. This impression was needlessly underlined by Carl Jaffé's vulgarly theatrical performance, delivered in the sobbingly strangulated style of *Pathos* widely practised in the National Socialist theatre.

It says much for the play that after this ill-conceived first climax (which ends with the stranger's arbitrary decision not to denounce Harrer), the second climax, at which the son drunkenly blurts out the secret to the police, carried an inexorable weight. Even so one was left with the unresolved question of whether the action was meant to show destiny exacting a retribution which human pity prevented, or whether it was the father's guilt which had engendered the son's neurosis as an agent of catastrophe. Certainly the parts of the father and son have the closest relationship in the play, and they gave Joseph Furst and Alexis

Kanner the material for a most subtle and tactful ensemble performance. Eric Fawcett's production had too much rant, but its pace and attention to visual detail helped to animate the sagging narrative.

This has been a good week for the regional studios. Wales returned with its second success this month. In *A Car in a Thicket* (December 10) W. S. Jones and Emyr Humphreys unashamedly set their comedy in the standard Welsh village and let fly at the usual targets of hypocrisy and self-importance. Before this familiar back-drop were conducted the notably unsteretyped campaigns of Abel Huws to upgrade himself from lay preaching into local politics, and of Tomos the constable to trace Abel's stolen car. Both portentously insistent on the dignity of their stations, they became the instruments of each other's exposure—Tomos as an incompetent flatfoot, and Abel as a grasping windbag and no true car owner. Apart from some heavy jokes at the expense of the village idiot, the comedy ran in a vein of gentle throwaway eloquence, getting its best effects from details such as Abel's habit of halting in conversation to note down his best remarks ('Charles Dickens always did this, you know'), and Tomos's decision after a bicycle accident to divert the traffic by six miles so that he could take measurements. Mr. Humphreys' production kept airborne for its sixty-five minutes with richly idiomatic performances by Kenneth Griffith, Aubrey Richards, and Hugh David.

The Scottish studio's series *Para Handy—Master Mariner*, even on the strength of one episode (December 11) makes one forgive all the pawky west-coast fishing epics. Duncan Ross's script, based on the stories of Neil Munro, triumphantly advances the villainous crew of the 'Vital Spark' from 1905 to the present, and releases their characters so fully that anecdotal structure is barely noticed. Well-shaped narra-



Hugh David (left) as John Roberts, Kenneth Griffith as Abel Huws, and Aubrey Richards as Tomos, the policeman, in *A Car in a Thicket*

tive would be a poor exchange for such characters as Handy's engineer who stirs in his fuddled sleep to declare: 'I'll always be true to you, Lady Cynthia'. Densely bearded, Duncan Macrae plays the rogue captain in the manner of a fine Highland gentleman.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Studio Ravens

LOUIS MACNEICE somehow missed the target with his dramatization of the Battle of Clontarf. The extent to which he missed it is illustrated by his choice of title. Instead of being wild and brave and calling his work 'Clontarf', which has a great weird sound to English ears, he preferred the popularizing *They Met on Good Friday* (Third, December 8). He obviously felt that a battle which is hardly known in England had to be sugared before being taken by English listeners. He therefore followed his title with a conversation that reminded me of one of those avuncular schools history programmes.

This would not have been so bad if he had not seen fit to include some common misconceptions about the causes of the Viking raids themselves. Though it is now known that the Vikings moved west because their ecology had reached climax in Scandinavia, Mr. MacNeice stuck to the old romantic thesis that they burst upon the fat lands like some formless Biblical vengeance. If the truth is to be known—and the documentary form which Mr. MacNeice was using surely seeks the truth—the Vikings were far less knowing and knowledgeable about their historical dilemma. They were much more heroic, much more pathetically tragic, much more like the brutal children of Frans Bengtsson's *The Long Ships*.

Mr. MacNeice faced a problem, of course. In order to get to the battle, which was as important to Ireland as Ethandun was to England although by no means as decisive, he felt the need to sketch in the background for those who did not know the story. He was forced to do this because he chose a documentary form which succeeds when the subject is the General Strike but not when the subject is legendary or distantly historical. If he had chosen the form which maintains the greatness of the story alone and had pretended blindly that the listener knows all when he knows nothing, he might have succeeded.

Mr. Francis Dillon crowned all his work for the B.B.C. when he adopted this manner in



Duncan Macrae as Para Handy in the first of the series *Para Handy—Master Mariner*

presenting the legend of *Eileen Aroon*. If he had stopped in his tracks to give chapter and verse, as Mr. MacNeice did, he would have failed and the work would have been a good try but not one of genius. This is not, of course, to say that there were not moments of genius. Patrick Magee reacted to the very human portrait of King Brian and there were moments of fire in the verse which chanted the names of the heroes on the battlefield. But these moments were too few. The ringside comments on the battle, which made it sound like a football match, and the curiously inapposite music by Tristram Cary obliterated the rough heroism, the fact that at Clontarf an age died, that the tide in the Liffey ebbing on April 23, 1014, took with it the blood of the last Vikings. If I seem to be too severe I must crave Mr. MacNeice's indulgence. Only the great deserve the severe.

Sometimes the great are too great. Oscar Wilde's *Salome* (Home, December 7) is obviously too good for us. In Europe Wilde gets his due, but we are still too mealy mouthed to recognize his greatness. *Salome*, in the hands of Val Gielgud employing the voices of June Tobin and Malcolm Keen, creates that rare sensation which is the mark of great drama. As *Salome* (Miss Tobin) coos for the head of Jokanaan (John Gabriel) one is conscious that legend is not merely being enacted but is present. Only a narrow irreligion has prevented this play's performance, and I feel that this production ought to be repeated as often as there is space. The play has been reviewed in this column before, but I make no apology for bowing down to it again.

Arthur Adamov finds his inspiration in the quaint years in France before 1914. In *En Fiacre* (Third, December 10) he explored the minds of three old ladies who, in 1902, were discovered living in cabs because they hated the idea of having a permanent home. A police doctor (Peter Claughton) tries patiently to unravel their story, and although one started listening in impatience one was soon as intrigued as the doctor. Sister Clotilde falls from the cab and is killed and it seems that Sisters Jeanne and Annette have had something to do with the accident. But they cannot be sure. Indeed, they are not sure of anything save the pathetic belief that they have always acted for the best. Adamov's favourite theme that understanding is a matter of misconception was propped up here by an additional thought that most of our actions, no matter how highly we value them, are but temporary makeshifts. Some listeners may have found it tiresome and needlessly difficult, but few can have failed to find it amusing.

Audrey Cameron, who produced *Yeoman's Hospital* (Home, December 5), a novel by Helen Ashton adapted by Jonquil Antony, deserves an early Christmas card. This was a workmanlike piece of realism about the day in the life of a great hospital. It could have sounded very ordinary, but Miss Cameron faded effects brilliantly and made exceptionally good use of the aside. She succeeded in catching hold of the ear. Radio needs the touch of the Ancient Mariner.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Madness and Music

THE MONOLOGUE of madness has rapidly become one of the highlights of radio. And it would be silly to dismiss the fact simply as evidence of a craze or a cult. As creative material, madness has a long and impressive history. Over a hundred years ago no *diva* would have thought her role in a tragic opera complete without a mad scene as a necessary climax. And before that, drama from *The Spanish Tragedy* onwards had found in mad-

ness the required release and catharsis, a sudden fusion of the warring elements in a blaze of passion. And before that there were Seneca, Sophocles. . . .

But the surprising thing about this recent efflorescence is the amount and quality of the material. Ranging from Gogol's *Diary of a Madman* to the recent *Asylum Diary*, it is never cast in dramatic form and yet lends itself immediately to effective monodrama. And there is abundance of other material: Nerval's *Aurélia*, for instance. And *A Season in Hell* can perhaps best be understood as an attempt at madness, followed by renunciation.

Roughly contemporary with Gogol, Georg Büchner's *Lenz* was the latest offering in this kind (December 6, Third). Büchner was a premature dramatic genius, unrecognized in German literary history, until Berg, Brecht and others hailed him as a great contemporary. *Lenz*, a minor work, nevertheless bears the marks of intuitive genius. Büchner was a graduate in medicine, and this account, based on factual records (Reinhold Lenz, himself a dramatist, was a friend and contemporary of Goethe) of a man's descent into the vortex of schizophrenia is a startling, pathological *tour de force*.

As such, I think it could have been much more effective than it proved in fact. What went wrong? To begin with the script, which Büchner left 'unfinished'. Since the story was virtually complete as it stood, I think the 'finishing' would have consisted of the pruning which always follows on a first quick draft; and Goronwy Rees, who translated admirably, might well have gone further and carried out such pruning, for present purposes. There is in a way no more telling criticism of a script than what an intelligent actor feels compelled to do with it: witness the French actor who 'throws away' reams of Sartre or Anouilh; but given a de Musset comedy, he is on his mettle at once to stretch and float every gossamer word. So if Paul Scofield, who was so admirable in Gogol, was patently less in his element here, the fault was not entirely his. Confronted with an over-long text, he began with a nervous precipitancy of tone which suggested climax long before it came. As an actor, his natural instinct was to identify as completely as possible with the subject, the victim. But this, unfortunately, is a third-person narrative in which—apart from direct speech—a profound sympathy has to be concealed by a cool, clinical insight.

Even so, all might have been well, if it had not been for the music. . . . And here, I think, is where shades of departmentalism close in. Is there a silent imperative that if a musical score is commissioned, every bar of it must be used? It seems the composer is most sacred when secondary. And confronted with a long and ingenious score by Humphrey Searle, H. B. Fortuin's only choice, presumably, was to work in every note. The result was an intrusive orgy of musical sympathy which reached a climax when 'the maid came in, deathly pale and trembling'—to be greeted by a deathly pale, high-pitched tremolo on the strings. But long before this, most listeners must have felt that the music would have been twice as effective if cut by half.

Nevertheless, I must say I found this a rewarding piece, both in itself and as an object-lesson.

I cannot apply either qualification to last week's effort by the Fifty-One Society (December 9, Home)—a bumble about architecture, led off by Sir Hugh Casson, patiently classifying the chaotic, and followed by the members, striving to be categorical about nobody knew quite what.

The African Personality (Friday, Third) sounded very promising but proved to have

little personality in it, apart from a verse incantation by Aimé Césaire which we have heard in other programmes. The rest was politics: useful reportage, but too heavy-going to be cogent. When are we to have a programme on Africa today (whether song, dance, life, personality or politics) chosen, presented, and produced by Africans?

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC



A Ninth Symphony

WHOEVER TAKES MAHLER's ninth symphony in hand would be well advised not to be content with its surface glitter, its rhythmic complexities, its harmonic riches. These are intriguing but the true meaning lies elsewhere, in a synthesis of them all which results in the revelation of the complete work. This strange, often deeply disturbing music must be taken firm hold of, be forced to yield its message. It was because Rudolf Schwarz appears not yet to have reached that absolute realization of the symphony's true nature that his reading, apart from the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra's playing, of Mahler's ninth (December 9, Third Programme), largely failed. It was all surface. The actual playing was meritorious, good in the two outer movements, fair in the second; and it was not the players' fault that the Burleske nearly came apart. What was missed was any sense of the portentous and fatalistic, that premonition of the end of all things that Alban Berg traced there. Leave that out of account and you might as well leave the symphony unperformed.

This morbid preoccupation with death was something that Mahler indulged in from his early years, at first seemingly as a romantic accretion to his way of life but later as a real, inescapable fact. It became an inevitable type of expression, present palpably in the later songs, such as *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*, which was finely sung by Sybil Michelow last Thursday (Third Programme) and reaches its greatest heights and depths in the *Lied von der Erde* and the ninth symphony.

In Miss Michelow's recital was an Afrikaans song-cycle by Arnold van Wyk which, besides its interest and the pleasure it gave (both considerable), took one back in thought to the exquisite songs by Ivor Gurney, sung most beautifully by John Noble two days before (December 8, Third). Gurney lacked the expertness of van Wyk; it is only necessary to compare their piano accompaniments to realize that fact. Van Wyk's are always handy to the instrument as if the writer were himself a sensitive pianist, while Gurney's piano writing is often thick and unkind to the singer. In that way Gurney was no expert; his genius lay in the extraordinary sensitivity for creating melodies that fitted the poem like a glove, he himself being a poet and knowing about these things. One of the finest songs in this recital and also one of Mr. Noble's finest interpretations was the Yeats cradle song, an example of Gurney's sense for a poetic image and a poet's line. And since in this case the piano writing was less gauche than usual, the effect was that of a work of untrammelled inspiration. *Most holy night* sounded too holy for my liking, though where the fault lay, whether in song or singer, I could not decide; probably in each equally, for Mr. Noble was very closely in touch with Gurney's moods that evening.

The relay of Strauss's opera *Der Rosenkavalier* (it was sung in German) from Covent Garden on December 7 (Third Programme) was good in parts. It was conducted by Georg Solti, a pedestrian rather than inspired rendering. There was little of the impetuous amatory fury in the sparkling Prelude, which indeed never





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arked but merely spluttered like some damp quib; and as for the Marschallin's entry in the first act, as superb an entry as that of the Rosenavalier himself in the second act, it went for nothing. The Marschallin was Elisabeth Schwarzkopf; much fine singing and also here a type of highly polished artistry a shade too sophisticated for this particular character, who as a feckless, light-headed creature, for all her reticence of a momentarily heavy heart. Her *Bube* as Sena Jurinac, an Octavian who, by all accounts, looks and acts the part marvellously, as can well imagine, having seen her as the young composer in *Ariadne auf Naxos*. Merely to listen

to her last week was unadulterated delight. In Kurt Böhm there was, again, an exquisite singer; he made Ochs into an appealing creature, his rough humour and buffoonery held in check so that the proper tang of aristocracy, however debased, was still there. One was reminded of the great days of Richard Mayr. Hanny Steffek, the Sophie, was colourless as a character but not unattractive as a voice. She held her own vocally in the final trio.

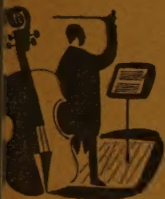
Hindemith's thirty-four-year-old Concerto for Orchestra, a rollicking piece of display music, ante-dates Bartók's by nearly two decades. The two works serve a similar purpose, the exercise

of various instrumental techniques throughout the whole orchestra, a concerto not with one but many soloists. Hindemith's work, splendidly played on December 11 (Home Service) by the orchestra of Norddeutscher Rundfunk under Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, is, for all its bustling energy, the less captivating and more solid of the two works; its ancestry is Teutonic and northern, Bartók's Hungarian and southern. Hans Werner Henze looks south, too, in his Five Neapolitan Songs which followed the Hindemith Concerto that evening, expressively sung by Hermann Prey.

SCOTT GODDARD

Heinrich Schütz and the Biblical History

By PETER EVANS



'The Story of the Birth of Jesus Christ' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 8.20 p.m. on Christmas Eve

UNLIKE MANY of his followers, Luther was a musician of some talent and still more understanding; his admiration for Josquin is well known and his remarks on polyphonic music still impress us by their sympathetic insight. So we need not be surprised to discover the latitude which remained in Lutheran musical practice beyond the general recognition of his two main requirements: settings that 'in text and notes, accent, manner and gesture spring from the mother tongue and voice', and simple songs in which the congregation could participate. Luther's *Deutsche Messe* was published in 1526, but innumerable mixtures of Latin and German persisted as local practice during the next two centuries (including the pure Latin form at Leipzig and Nuremberg).

Nor was congregational song cultivated everywhere with the same zeal. In country churches with no musical establishment, and in churches of Calvinist persuasion, the chorale would be the only form of singing, while in orthodox Lutheran city churches, and especially in court chapels, attention would be lavished on the figural settings sung by the permanent *Kapelle*. Though these often incorporated chorale melodies, there was a marked tendency during the first half of the seventeenth century for the Orthodox composer to shun the Calvinist associations of the simple song. In the work of the master who towers over this period, Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672), the rare appearances of chorale melody are always incidental to his main purpose.

Yet, although Schütz made no provision for a congregational music apart from his setting of Cornelius Becker's psalter, and, as Kapellmeister to the Elector of Saxony for fifty-five years, wrote for a highly skilled group set apart, he remained true to Luther's other principle in forging his music—whatever its obvious initial debt to Italian techniques—from the very stuff of the German scriptural text. The elevated role accorded by orthodox Lutheranism to biblical exegesis was now shared by the music, a visionary exposition of the Word which merited the juxtaposition of 'Cantio' and 'Contio' (the sermon) as central point in the service. We are more familiar with this juxtaposition in Bach, by whose time there is not only a musical cross-breeding with secular forms such as concerto and opera, lessening in a new expansiveness the immediacy of the biblical message, but a significant reduction of the purely scriptural texts in favour of pious commentary (often by allegorical personages such as the Daughter of Zion in the St. Matthew Passion) and, still more strikingly, in favour of chorale verses, which have now

assumed almost a state of parity with the scriptures as an evocative repository of fundamental truth.

Though we think of Bach as a champion of Orthodoxy, both these changes reflect in some degree the Pietist beliefs which, with their emphasis on the meditation and striving after salvation of the individual, can be seen emerging even during Schütz's lifetime (Spener's *Pia desideria* appeared in 1675, three years after the composer's death). But whatever the intensely personal, even mystical, interpretation of the Word Schütz may reveal in his music, he remains rooted in the dogma of his Church; and this is most clearly demonstrated in his biblical histories.

Five works (*The Resurrection*, 1623; *The Birth of Christ*, 1664; *The Passions* according to St. Luke, St. John, and St. Matthew, 1665-6) bear the title 'Historia', and *The Seven Words from the Cross* (1645) may be related to the same genre, which thus presents a cross-section of Schütz's creative life—though a far from complete picture of his technical versatility. The Roman practice of narrating during Holy Week the Evangelists' accounts of the Passion in a stylized speech-song (*tonus lectionis*) shared by three priests, representing the Evangelist, the Words of Christ and all the other characters, had been developed to include harmonizations of the crowd scenes (*turbæ*). In this shape it was inherited by Luther's church, when Johann Walther refashioned it to German texts. But as well as this simple liturgical form (*Choral*-passion, implying unaccompanied monody), composers cultivated the *Figural*-passion, in which the whole text was treated in the polyphonic imitative manner of the Latin motet. In the St. John Passion of Antonio Scandello (c. 1560) the two methods are fused, the Evangelist retaining the *tonus lectionis* while the words of the other characters are illuminated in varied polyphonic textures. Scandello also wrote a *Resurrection History*, and it is clear that Schütz knew this work of one of his Dresden predecessors when he composed his own setting in 1623.

As in all Schütz's histories, two choral pieces frame the biblical narrative, one announcing its subject and source and the other expressing man's response to the incidents portrayed. In finding a solemn yet joyous music to carry these corporate emotions, Schütz demonstrates his complete estrangement from that strain of sentimentality which Pietism was to bring to contemplation of the sacred story. On the other hand, a dramatic urgency is part of his intention: in *The Resurrection* the Evangelist should be the only singer visible, and his cries of 'Vic-

toria' ring out against the final double chorus. For the rest of the work he is accompanied by four gambas and restricted to a *tonus lectionis*, with occasional flashes of descriptive monody (as at the rolling of the stone). Schütz retains the old imitative technique (in two parts) for the other figures, including Christ, but he explains that one of the parts may be instrumental.

In *The Birth of Christ*, or *Christmas History*, Schütz changes his approach, presenting the story as a series of miniature but musically rounded scenes (*intermedia*), beautifully lit by an unusually elaborate range of instrumental colours. Two viols weave counterpoints round the ecstatic proclamations of the angel, and a rocking-cradle figure unifies these three scenes. The heavenly host sing in a six-part chorus (with two obbligato violins) that employs all the splendour of Schütz's *concertato* technique to pile up a pulsating edifice of sound. The shepherds pipe on recorders and bassoon as they hasten (in a wonderfully graphic figure) to Bethlehem, and strident violins introduce the Three Wise Men, all tenors. Trombones characterize the pronouncement of the High Priests (four basses), and trumpets not only declare Herod's majesty but convey the brazen treachery of his magnanimous words. The introductory chorus is imperfectly preserved, but the final thanksgiving places choir and orchestra in weighty chordal antiphony. Schütz points out that the Evangelist's part is now in 'stilo recitativo', a very supple line, rising occasionally to a degree of emotional participation that is the more compelling after its generally impassive tone; Rachel's weeping for her children is the most haunting example in a work full of memorable phrases.

Although the *Christmas History* precedes by only a year or two Schütz's last great settings of the Evangelists' record, a gulf seems to divide the three Passions not only from his previous works but from all the music of his time. In a massive stillness the Evangelist and individual characters intone without accompaniment, but their simple lines transcend the old *tonus lectionis* in a wealth of expressive inflexions. Fidelity to the biblical word extends even to a subtle differentiation of manner for the three Gospels (the idiosyncratic Phrygian mode for St. John is typically perceptive), yet, like Bach in *The Art of Fugue*, in his last defence of a vanishing orthodoxy Schütz speaks with a personal accent that is unmistakable and profoundly moving.

Our cover block, 'Thinking about Christmas', is reproduced by courtesy of the German Tourist Information Bureau.

Caring for House Plants

By FRANCES PERRY

POT-PLANTS are popular Christmas gifts, and it may be useful to give some suggestions about the care they need if they are to give the maximum of pleasure to their new owners. Winter is a testing time for room plants and for the cultivator. It is so easy to lose a cherished specimen through ignorance of its requirements, for a plant can be 'killed by kindness'—too much water and warmth—as surely as by drought and cold.

Sunlight provides the energy that enables leaves to make food, and at this time of year all plants should spend part of the day close to a window. Excessive heat and excessive cold are both undesirable. Some of the green ivies will tolerate temperatures near freezing point, but when this drops below 40 degrees the choice of material is much narrowed. If the leaves fall from your aphelandras, dracaenas, or begonias, cold may be the trouble. When the temperature reaches 70 degrees it is too warm for the hardier types and flowering subjects like azaleas, heaths, and the berried *Solanum capsicastrum*. Temperatures between 45 and 60 degrees are ideal.



(Left) variegated rubber plant, and (above) scindapsus

The cooler the conditions the less water plants require in winter. Humidity, however, is important: it helps to counteract transpiration losses and the unnatural dry atmosphere of a heated room. Frequent spraying with soft water is most helpful and also keeps dust from the foliage, but humidity can also be provided by plunging the pots in a window box or container of moist peat.

Keep the latter damp all the time. Plants can also be stood on a saucer of pebbles, with water just covering the base, so that this evaporates slowly into the air.

Some of the most spectacular plants are of a climbing nature: *scindapsus aureus* and its silver-variegated variety 'Marble Queen', the goose foot (*Syngonium vellosianum*) and green *Philodendron scandens* should be trained up something that can be kept moist: a piece of osmunda fibre, or wire netting filled with moss and fastened round a cane, can be driven into the pot and kept moist with spraying.

Here are some useful things to remember in the care of plants. All plants dislike draughts and very few tolerate fumes; ivies are not happy growing on fresh cement or newly limed walls. Variegated *scindapsus* must have plenty of light or the new leaves will turn green. *Ficus* or rubber plants can be acclimatised to light or shade, but keep them in one or the other. They do not like sudden light changes. Never water in the rosettes of *sansevierias*.

—From 'Gardening Club', BBC Television

Bridge Forum

'Inter-Regional Quiz'—Heat IV

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



EASTBOURNE, Mr. J. E. Hawkins and Mr. E. Seldon, met Newcastle, Mr. and Mrs. G. I. Rhodes, in the last of the first-round ties. In the first part of the programme the competitors were asked a series of questions about the following hand at love all:

♠ A Q 4 ♥ K J 10 7 4 ♦ 8 ♣ K 9 5 3

(1) The bidding in front of you goes: No; No; 3NT. Your opponents are playing the Acol system. What would you expect the bid of Three No Trumps to show?

(2) What would you bid?

(3) What would you lead against Three No Trumps?

(4) Your partner deals and bids One Club: you respond One Heart: partner rebids One Spade. What do you bid?

(5) You deal and bid One Heart. Partner responds One Spade. What do you bid?

The answers judged best were as follows:

(1) A tactical bid, based on a long and solid minor suit with one or two outside controls.

(2) No Bid. Three of the four competitors opted for a conventional take-out bid. The view of the judges was that, opposite a partner who had already passed, the risks outweighed the advantages.

(3) Only one competitor made the right choice—the Ace of spades. It is generally held that against this type of bid the best chance for the

defence is to find tricks quickly. By retaining control the defence can find five immediate tricks, if they exist, in any suit.

(4) Four Clubs. A popular choice with the contestants.

(5) Two Spades. On a hand of limited strength it was judged best to support partner's suit at once.

Both sides scored ten out of a possible twenty and the individual palm went to Mr. E. Seldon, who scored eight out of ten on probably the most difficult set of questions introduced up to this point.

The second part of the quiz related to the following hand. Love All. Dealer West:

WEST	EAST
♠ 2	♠ K 10 5 3
♥ A 6 5 2	♥ K J 7 4
♦ A 7 4	♦ Q
♣ K Q 10 9 4	♣ A J 8 2

Both sides scored seven out of a possible ten when they reached a final contract of Four Hearts: Six Clubs would have scored a maximum. Everything therefore depended on the final question, the play of the hand in Six Clubs. The opening lead, from North, was the Queen of hearts, hearts having been bid and supported. The question was in two parts: (a) Whom do you expect to hold the Ace of spades and why? (b) How do you plan the play?

Mr. Seldon, the spokesman for Eastbourne, was lucid and accurate. The Queen of hearts was clearly a singleton, therefore North hoped to find his partner with an Ace, therefore he could not himself hold one. The recommended play was to take the first heart with the King, play the Ace of diamonds and ruff a diamond come to hand with a club and ruff the last diamond with the Ace and then play out trumps, keeping ♠ K 10 and ♥ J 7 as dummy's last four cards. South would be reduced to three hearts and the lone Ace of spades, and a low spade from both hands would establish the King as the twelfth trick.

Newcastle were right on the first part of the question and made a brave though unsuccessful attempt on the second. After ruffing out diamonds the declarer, who had won the first heart with the Ace, played all his clubs save one and then led a spade with the intention of playing the ten. At this point South would be reduced to three hearts and two spades and the dummy to two hearts and three spades. Provided that South held the Ace of spades backed by another honour this play, a trump squeeze, would succeed: it would fail however if North held ♠ Q J, since he could split his spade honours on the lead of the two of spades, and exit with a diamond. The issue was decided in favour of Eastbourne by twenty-seven points against twenty-one.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife



Christmas Sweetmeat

To MAKE fruit cream fudge you will need:

- 12 oz. of caster sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of butter
- 1 oz. of preserved ginger
- 1 oz. of glacé pineapple
- 1 oz. of cherries
- 2 oz. of orange and lemon slices
- vanilla essence
- paper cases, or waxed paper and tinfoil

In a solid-base pan melt the butter, using a gentle heat. Add the sugar and cream, stirring all the time with a wooden spoon, and bring to the boil. Boil for approximately twelve minutes until the mixture forms a soft ball (238°F.). Vanilla essence can be added, to taste, at this stage. Now add all the fruit, which should have been minced or very finely chopped. Beat hard all together until light in colour and creamy. Pour into a buttered tin twelve inches by eight inches, and, as it is cooling, mark into squares. Leave to set, then wrap each piece in waxed paper and tinfoil or place in sweet cases.

M. WINIFRED HARPER

Leek and Potato Soup

A soup that is easy to make, cheap, wholesome, and delicious: leek and potato. For, say, six people take half a pound of leeks, one pound of potatoes, one ounce of butter, half a pint of hot milk, two and a half pints of water, and salt and pepper. Put the vegetables, diced, in a saucepan, covered with the cold water; add salt and pepper, bring to the boil and cook for an hour. Then put it through a sieve, or a *moulin à légumes*, pour it back into the saucepan, bring to the boil again, add the half-pint of hot milk

and the butter, bring it to the boil again, and serve it very hot over *croustons* fried in butter.
MARIE JEANNE

All about Baths

I visited a bath factory the other day, and watched cast-iron baths being given their coat of vitreous enamel. This is really an opaque glass finish: the enamel is puffed on to the red hot metal in powder form.

I asked my guide what he considered the most important points to remember if we want to look after our baths properly. Here are his answers. When one runs a hot bath, one should begin by running in some cold water, and then turn on the hot. Those who use bath salts must not throw in a handful and then run the water: add the salts when the water has run in, and give them a quick stir.

Then we came to the alarming business of how to clean the bath—and I mean alarming, because, although vitreous enamel well treated can last more than a lifetime, bad handling can spoil it in a trice. There are almost criminal bath owners who ruin the enamel by splashing strong bleaches on it; by scratching it with abrasive powders, and, worst of all, by sprinkling it with powder meant to disinfect lavatories. This sort of treatment ruins the top gloss: thereafter dirt is going to stick fast to a rough surface.

How *should* we keep the bath clean? This is the expert's answer. While the water is running away, damp a sponge, sprinkle it with a few drops of mild, liquid, soapless detergent, and run it over the warm surface. When all the water has run out, rinse the sponge, squeeze it, and give the bath a quick rub all over. If this is done regularly, there will be no trouble about cleaning. To shift an obstinate mark—perhaps from a geyser or a leaking tap—

one can venture on a rub with a little mildly abrasive bath powder.

RUTH DREW

In their series of 'Real Books', Dennis Dobson have now published *Making Dolls and Dolls' Clothes*, by Catherine Roberts (10s. 6d.). There are instructions which children could easily follow for making dolls from, for example, cotton-wool, paper, or rag, using such simple things as a ping-pong ball for a head or unravelled wool for a wig. There are also patterns for dolls' clothes. Line drawings by the author clarify the instructions and also illustrate an opening chapter on the history of dolls, beginning with a 'paddle doll' which belonged to a little girl in Egypt 4,000 years ago.

Notes on Contributors

STANLEY MAYES (page 1062): Senior Assistant, European Talks, B.B.C., since 1956; author of *An Organ for the Sultan* and *The Great Belzoni*

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FRANCES PERRY (page 1094): author of *Herbaceous Border*, *The Woman Gardener*, *Collins Guide to Border Plants*, and *The Small Aquarium*

Crossword No. 1,542.

Beano.

By Jobri

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, December 24. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The lights are to be inserted in three directions—across (horizontally to the right), down (diagonally to the right), and up (diagonally to the left). Reading from 'square' 1 clockwise round the outside of the diagram to 'square' 5, and then from 'square' 17 across to 'square' 20 is a quotation (45 letters in all); the two initials and surname of the author can be obtained by rearranging the letter in the central 'square' together with the six immediately surrounding it. The nine unclued lights have an obvious connection. (R. = reversed.)

CLUES—ACROSS

7. Is it the beer that causes the veteran to lose heart and get upset here? (6)
8. Always contracted from the ermine (3)
- 9R. Tackles kept in a box (5)
11. Turn out to turn us in! (4)
14. Sounds glad of a poetic temple (4)
15. Bird found in the dawn chorus (3)
- 16R. Killed—with this? (4)
23. Moved around stealthily, finishing with a spot of exercise (5)
- 24R. This this amends (4)
26. Part of a nation found at the poles (3)
29. Clay from Marlborough House (4)
32. Rear part of a craft (3)
35. Beginning of a festival in India, perhaps (4)

DOWN

1. A heartless whale swallows five at sea (5)
2. Passion witnessed in Ireland (3)
- 3R. Smile at a snare (4)
4. Dutch farmer responsible for a war (4)
5. A hard-pencil drawing of a deer (4)
6. A biting wind may have us in its these (5)

12. See the pineapple beginning to ooze (4)
13. Hadn't paid some borrowed money (4)
19. A form of art one can see richly embellished (6)
- 20R. Found empty in Messina, never! (5)
24. A sandbank containing many fish (5)
28. Gaelic tax (4)
29. As infatuated as one at a famous tea party (3)
34. Flying implement (3)

UP

10. Stake a letter (4)
18. Sudanese race which is to us a laugh (5)
21. To repeat in this is altogether (4)
- 22R. Sounds a questionable letter (3)
24. Notice a dog inside, tied up (6)
- 25R. Lay a holy man in the bulrush (6)
26. The first person to look at an image (4)
27. Want some leisure time for embroidery? (6)
30. Snatches away some dud halfpennies (4)
31. When the throne is usurped, maybe the sting lies here (6)
33. Some way off, in the middle of a hunting expedition (3)
- 34R. Cry thus to be curtailed (3)
36. Bow sinister! (4)
- 37R. Noises produced by a tailless N. American deer (4)
38. Bring up at the end of a year's imprisonment (5)
39. A letter from 10 (3)

Solution of No. 1,540

IDEOGRAMERICAN
OEPSATCYNEUNN
HROITATSLCTPMRO
PALSHHOANHEPUU
MTLECEERMEENIBN
YOAATRYEIBIRLC
LRCRAOONNERAAE
LASCPMOTETEGNR
UGEHSALILATERU
FITEERORLTCOEL
EOIRDPIEIEIDTE
SUMEANYTANSENI

1st prize: K. N. Graham (Broadstairs); 2nd prize: H. Brown (London, S.W.2); 3rd prize: R. L. Saw (Carshalton)

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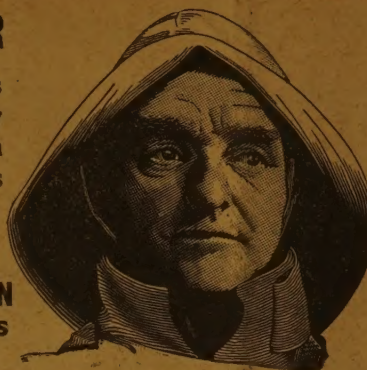
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